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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME VI.

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MIS-

MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.

N. B. Whatever Verſes are not marked with an Aſteriſk * in this Volume are Dr. *Swift*'s.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written *Anno* 1713.

THE *ſhepherds* and the *nymphs* were ſeen
Pleading before the *Cyprian* queen.
The council for the * fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That *Cupid* now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforeſaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſov'reign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,

* This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor; whether ſuch an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occaſion to ſuppoſe it, need not here be inquired: his principal deſign is to expoſe the faults and follies in both ſexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered ſubſervient to ſordid purpoſes.

Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant*'s council roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing,
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
In diff'rent breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn:
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where-e'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Engroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare
From viſits to receive and pay,
From ſcandal, politicks, and play,
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,

From

From all the thouſand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads
Between their toylets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow,
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the courſe,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame:
The fault muſt on the *nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further thoſe deponents knew:---
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſt:

The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That *Venus*, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For, if the heav'nly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;
For Gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that, which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtrole in air 'twixt earth and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual *lent*.

But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The *Muſes* by their king's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The *Muſes* oft were ſeen to frown;
The *Graces* half-aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.

The Goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree,
And ſaid ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.*
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to *Ovid*, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In *Virgil* (*vide Dido*'s caſe;)
As for *Tibullus*'s reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For *Cowley*'s briefs, and pleas of *Waller*,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She'd hear the cauſe another day;
And ſo ſhe did, and then a third;
She heard it---there ſhe kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lyes,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood, where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle *Clio*, ſing or ſay,
What *Venus* meant by this delay.
The Goddeſs much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,

Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Wou'd ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour *Lucina*'s aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.
Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This inſtant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or ſages write:
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in *Titan*'s rays;
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:

From

From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "*Vaneſſa* be the name,
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"*Vaneſſa*, by the Gods enroll'd:
"Her name on earth--ſhall not be told."

But ſtill the work was not compleat,
When *Venus* thought on a deceit:
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out *Pallas* in the ſkies:

Dear

Dear *Pallas*, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty cou'd your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is *Apollo*'s ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely ſmiles,
Down from *Olympus* comes with joy,
Miſtakes *Vaneſſa* for a boy;
Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endu'd
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But *Pallas* here was at a ſtand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;—
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,

Infus'd,

Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty Goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd,)
Wou'd uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twou'd come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee *Vaneſſa* thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through ev'ry breaſt would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly ſwain
With pride wou'd drag about her chain;
That ſcholars wou'd forſake their books
To ſtudy bright *Vaneſſa*'s looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Wou'd by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct wou'd be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft wou'd hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs *Betty*, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets falls her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,

Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what *Vaneſſa* never did."
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign---
So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For, when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that *Venus* play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation vows,
To-morrow, e'er the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo, that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find,
A wholeſome law time out of mind
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That Gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have giv'n,
Or any brother-God in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the Gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And *Pallas*, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one, ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at *Jove*'s council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the queen of love
Wou'd meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd

With

With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe wou'd act as beſt became
A Goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon *Pallas* meets
The queen of love, whom thus ſhe greets,
(For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold)
Perfidious Goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit, and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heav'nly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall *Vaneſſa* be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:

She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But uſing neither ſkill, nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When, lo! *Vaneſſa* in her bloom
Advanc'd, like *Atalanta*'s ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing from the books ſhe read
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
Wou'd ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
Firſt iſſued from perfumers ſhops
A croud of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady—You know who;
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muſcovy* or *Rome*;
Gave hints of who and who's together:
Then fell to talking of the weather:
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.

Then

Then in ſoft voice, and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lyes,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With ſilent ſcorn *Vaneſſa* ſat,
Scarce liſt'ning to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valu'd nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape, and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble ſenſe
By *Greeks* and *Romans* underſtood
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with cenſure, or applauſe,
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Thro' nature and thro' art ſhe rang'd
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd:

In vain: her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay—ſhe wants it here;
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.
A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St. *James*,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in deſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilſt mrs. *Suſan* comb'd her head:
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from *India* brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought;
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? *Vaneſſa* gueſs'd,
As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.

inv. del. et sc.

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To ſcandal next---What aukward thing
Was that laſt *Sunday* in the ring?
I'm ſorry *Mopſa* breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her face wou'd never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* beau;
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In publick with that odious knight.
They rally'd next *Vaneſſa*'s dreſs:
That gown was made for old queen *Beſs*.
Dear madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop;
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor wou'd vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learnt at country fairs;
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich *Flanders* lace, and *Colberteen*;
I'll undertake, my little *Nancy*
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I wou'd not aſk
Her judgment how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs if we cou'd get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The *queen of beauty* loſt her aim.
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt *Vaneſſa*'s pow'r unite:

To-

To copy her few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd:
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte and wit,
She condeſcended to admit.
With pleaſing arts ſhe cou'd reduce
Men's talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that, wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus making others wiſdom known,
Cou'd pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Wou'd not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe wou'd allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their aukward bow.
But this was for *Cadenus*' ſake,
A gown-man of a diff'rent make;
Whom *Pallas*, once *Vaneſſa*'s tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But *Cupid*, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.

On *Pallas* all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows, on *Vaneſſa*'s heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's ſake.
Thoſe early ſeeds by *Venus* ſown,
In ſpite of *Pallas*, now were grown;
And *Cupid* hop'd, they wou'd improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On *Plutarch*'s morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
The *queen of wiſdom* could foreſee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by *Pallas* taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,

A nymph

A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'd give her what ſhe moſt admires
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politicks and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate;
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ;
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.

Vaneſſa [b], not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſick in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd, and writ
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now cou'd praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.

[b] The poet having before ſhewed the cauſe of *Vaneſſa*'s diſappointment, here repreſents *Vaneſſa*, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation and inſpire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had ſcarce ſenſibility enough to underſtand them.

His

His conduct might have made him ſtil'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;

Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teaz'd;
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grande-monde*,
And ev'ry ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he was bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.

Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could ſuch notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?

She

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own,
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes;
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors[a] to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, I'll let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe.
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

[a] *Vaneſſa*, conſcious that her paſſion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "Virtue knows nothing that it dare not own." She therefore confeſſed it to *Cadenus*, contrary to the *common forms*, which require that the firſt addreſs ſhould be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds; they only veil defects, and are not neceſſary, where defects are not found.

Cadenus

Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtile:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He cou'd not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a publick place
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs cou'd his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indiff'rence met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong;
Wou'd ſay, he made a treach'rous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town wou'd ſwear he had betray'd
By magick ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And ev'ry beau wou'd have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
That, when *platonick* flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.

So

So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care---
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The doctor might have fancy'd worſe.---
Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence.*
She rally'd well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragick player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule
Shou'd fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lyes;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call a *bite.*
But not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:

What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter,
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The genius's of ancient days!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom fam'd)
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe *Cadenus* flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch god-like men.
If one ſhort volume cou'd comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How wou'd it be eſteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all wou'd for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crouds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend:
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:

His

His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While ev'ry paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught *Vaneſſa* to diſpute.
This topick, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd:
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs:
As rivers though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite ſyſtem to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who cou'd ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons wou'd have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.

The

The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates his throne;
The government was now her own:
But, though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt cou'd hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail:
He never knew her judgment fail.
She noted all ſhe ever read,
And had a moſt diſcerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That vanity's the food of fools:
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when *Cadenus* cou'd not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;

When

When miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding ſchools can have his choice:
And oft' the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Cou'd ſcarce oppoſe *Vaneſſa*'s flame;
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When Goddeſſes appear below.
While thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,

Con-

Conſtr'ing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion in his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhou'd now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern,
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of every common beau;
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what ſucceſs *Vaneſſa* met,
Is to the world [b] a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantick ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To like with leſs ſeraphick ends;
Or, to compound the bus'neſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold.

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by *Vaneſſa*'s conduct wiſe:
For, though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent,
Though her deſign was not obtain'd,
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd.
And by the project vainly try'd
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties
Coram regina prox' die Martis
Shou'd at their peril without fail
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.

[b] The event of *Vaneſſa*'s ſuit is judiciouſly omitted, as foreign to the plan and deſign of the poem.

All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under ev'ry head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the *men*.
But, in a weighty caſe like this
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition, (humbly ſhewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end)
" She was at lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw, her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;

" She

" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſenſeleſs, ſtupid race;
" And, were ſhe to begin agen,
" She'd ſtudy [c] to reform the *men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To *women*, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, wou'd do't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all bus'neſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The Goddeſs wou'd no longer wait;
But riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſev'n,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

[c] As the *women* in their manners and dreſs imitate what the *men* approve, and faults and follies are little more than the conſequences of the falſe taſte of their admirers, who cannot ſurely be urged by a ſtronger motive to correct it.

BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON.

Imitated from the

EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints wou'd often leave their cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the ſtroller's canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſs'd,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;

And

And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,—What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant;
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:

The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack wou'd not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold cares
By a ſhrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in publick view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The [b] heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

[b] Of the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*, which in country churches are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the enſigns appropriated to them by *Jacob* on his death-bed.

A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, my houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill wou'd call it mine:
I'm old, and fain wou'd live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke; and preſently he feels,
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;

At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſick authors,--he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſeveral years this man and wife;
When on a day which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance amidſt their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!

Sprout!

Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you
tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.
Old goodman *Dobſon* of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On *Sundays*, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
Till once a parſon of our town
To mend his barn cut *Baucis* down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgicks.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſticks) when to dread
a ſhow'r.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave
in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Saunt'ring in coffee-houſe is *Dulman* ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.
Mean while the South, riſing with dabbled
wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.

Briſk

Briſk *Suſan* whips her linnen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is borne aſlope:
Such is that ſprinkling, which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
And wafted with its foe by vi'lent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſemſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.

'Twas doubtful which was ſea, and which was ſky.
Garth's Diſp.

Here

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
[b] Triumphant *tories*, and deſponding *whigs* [c],
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when *Troy* chairman bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with *Greeks* impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully *Greeks*, who, as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, run them thro',)
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell.

[b] This was written in the firſt year of the earl of *Oxford*'s miniſtry.

[c] As *whig* and *wig* only differ by an aſpiration which is ſcarce to be diſtinguiſh'd, it may be thought an exception to the dean's remarkable exactneſs, that he has made them rhyme: but the ſame thing was afterwards done by mr. *Pope*, either upon the dean's authority, or becauſe he did not think it liable to objection:

A joke on *Jekyll* or ſome odd old *whig*,
Who never chang'd his principles or *wig*.

They,

HORACE, EPIST. VII. BOOK I.

Imitated, and Addreſſed to

THE EARL [b] OF OXFORD,

In the Year 1713 [c].

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with publick cares poſſeſt,
All *Europe*'s bus'neſs in his breaſt)
Obſerv'd a *parſon* near *Whitehall*
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mein,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;

1. *Strenuus et fortis, cauſſiſque Philippus agendis*
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit——
5. ——*Conſpexit, ut aiunt,*
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

[b] *Robert Harley*, eſq; three times ſpeaker of the houſe of commons, once in king *William*'s reign, and twice in queen *Anne*'s: created baron *Harley* of *Wigmore*, earl of *Oxford* and earl *Mortimer*, the 24th of *April* 1711, and lord high treaſurer of *England*, on the 29th of the ſaid month.

[c] In this year the author was made dean of St. *Patrick*'s, *Dublin*. See an account of his firſt interview with mr. *Harley*, in his letter to dr. *King*, *Oct.* 10, 1710. Vol. XII.

Of

)f ſize that might a pulpit fill,
ut more inclining to ſit ſtill.
ſy lord (who if a man may ſay't,
oves miſchief better than his meat)
Vas now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
nd bid friend *Lewis* * go in queſt,
This *Lewis* is a cunning ſhaver,
nd very much in *Harley*'s favour)
n queſt, who might this *parſon* be,
Vhat was his name, of what degree,
f poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
nd whether he were *whig* or *tory*.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
way upon his errand goes,
nd quickly did the matter ſift;
ound out that it was doctor *Swift*;
clergyman of ſpecial note
or ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Vhich made his brethren of the gown
ake care betimes to run him down:

5. *Demetri, (puer hic non læve juſſa Philippi*
Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: Undè domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit patre, quove patrono?
3, 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine Mænam.*

* *Eraſmus Lewis*, eſq; private ſecretary to the earl of *Oxford*.

No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate opinions *à la mode*,
[b] He hated *Wharton* like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper *ſtamp*
Did very much his genius cramp;
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said *Harley*, I deſire to know
From his own mouth, if this be ſo?
Step to the doctor ſtraight, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.

31. ——*Tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, et ceſſare, et quærere, et uti,
Gaudentem———

47. *Scitari libet ex ipſo quodcunque refers. Dic*
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſane credere Mæna;
Mirari ſecum tacitus.

[b] Earl of *Wharton*, father to the duke of *Wharton* who died in *France*.

Swift

Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor wou'd believe my lord had ſent:
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, *your ſervant, ſir.*
Does he refuſe me? *Harley* cry'd:
He does, with inſolence and pride.
Some few days after *Harley* ſpies
The doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At *Charing-croſs* among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the doctor to approach.
Swift, who cou'd neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe—
My lord—the honour you deſign'd—
Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
I'm ſure I never ſhou'd neglect—
No man alive has more reſpect—

54. *Benigne, Reſpondet.*
55. *Negat ille mihi?*
56. ——*Negat improbus, et te*
Negligit, aut horret.
57. ——*Volteium mane Philippus*
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, et ſalvere jubet prior.
65. ——*Ille Philippo*
Excuſare laborem.——

" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at *four*."
The doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtick; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to *Windſor* takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that's a place too mean;
No, doctor, you ſhall be a *dean*;

71. ——*Sic ignoviſſe putato*
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies——
74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicenda, tacenda locutus,*
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva:——
81. ——*Jubetur*
Rura ſuburbana inditis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.
87. ——*Videt, ridetque Philippus:*

Two

Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas*
To live in plenty, pow'r, and eaſe.
Poor *Swift* departs; and what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a *dean* compleat,
Devoutly lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver virge, with decent pride,
Tuck underneath his cuſhion ſide:
Suppoſe him gone thro' all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and--cheats
The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving)
Now all the doctor's money ſpent;
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers ſpitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tythes in kind;
And [c] *Parviſol* diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs [d].

107. ——*Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;*
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;

[c] The dean's agent, a Frenchman.

[d] "Upon his arrival in *Ire-* "*land* to take poſſeſſion of his "deanery, the common people "were taught to look upon him

Poor *Swift*, with all his loſſes vext,
Not knowing were to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at *Harley*'s gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old *Read*[e] would hardly let him in.

Said *Harley*, welcome, rev'rend dean:
What makes your worſhip look ſo lean?
Why, ſure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and ruſty gown?
I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
So much that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye;
Or is your money out at uſe?—
Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce,

115. *Offenſus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum*
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
121. *Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus,*
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi.

"as a *Jacobite*, and proceeded "ſo far as to throw ſtones and "dirt at him, as he paſſed "through the ſtreets: the chap- "ter of St. *Patrick*'s thwarted "him in every point he pro- "poſed, he was avoided as a "peſtilence, he was oppoſed "as an invader."
Orrery.

[e] The lord treaſurer's porter.

(The doctor in a paſſion cry'd,)
Your raillery is miſapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to conteſt
When you reſolve to have your jeſt;
Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
Pray leave me where you found me firſt[f].

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deoſque penates*
Obſecro, et obteſtor, vitæ me redde priori.

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.
Part of it imitated[g].

I OFTEN wiſh'd, that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſilvæ ſuper his foret.

[f] In *England*, where he ſeems by this poem to ſolicit a ſettlement in the manner peculiar to himſelf.

[g] This poem was written about the ſame time with the preceding, and apparently with the ſame view.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore,
But ſhou'd be perfectly content,
Cou'd I but live on this ſide *Trent*,
Nor croſs the *channel* twice a year
To ſpend ſix months with *ſtateſmen* here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
" *Lewis*, the *dean* will be of uſe;
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good mr. *dean*, go change your gown,
" Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?

7. ——*Auctius atque*
Dii melius fecere.——
17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem*
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.

Some

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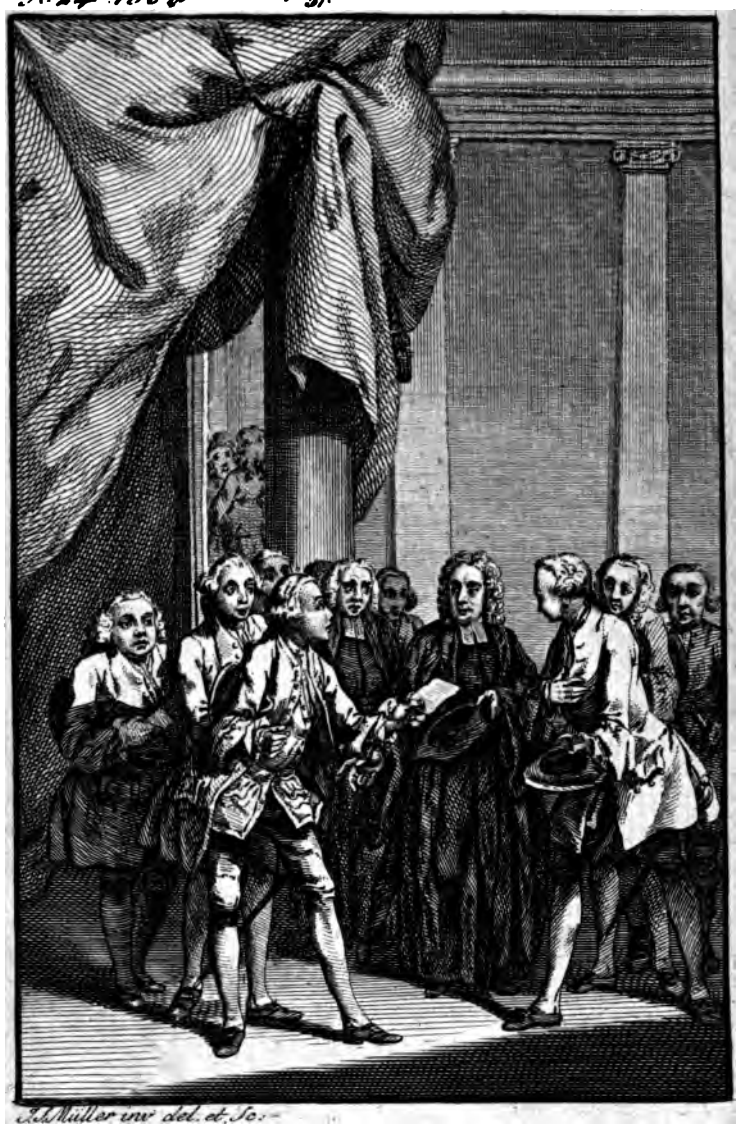

J. J. Müller inv. del. et Sc.

Some wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the *dean* had been too proud
"To juſtle here among a croud."
Another in a ſurly fit
Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
"But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I wou'd ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe—
That begs my int'reſt for a place—
An hundred other men's affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cauſe is gone"—

35. *Quid vis, inſane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,*
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt, non mentiar.——
44. ——*Alïena negotia centum*
Per caput et circa ſaliunt latus.

The

The duke expects my lord and you
About ſome great affair at two—
" Put my lord *Bolingbroke* in mind
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:—
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his lordſhip knew—
" And, mr. *dean*, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more
(*October* next it will be four)
Since *Harley* bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, " What's o'clock?" and, " how's the wind?
" Whoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country *ſigns*;
Or, " have you nothing new to-day
" From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay*?"

60. ——*Si vis, potes, addit et inſtat.*
63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.

Such

Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as *Stains*,
As once a week we travel down
To *Windſor*, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-croſs*.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of your friend the *dean*?
" I wonder what ſome people mean;
" My lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*—
" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court,
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, mr. *dean*, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the *emp'ror* treat?
" Or, do the prints and papers lye?"
Faith, ſir, you know as much as I.
" Ah! doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt

81. ——*Subjectior in diem et horam*
Invidiæ.
89. *Frigidus à roſtris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.

'Tis

'Tis one to me.—" Then tell us pray,
" When are the troops to have their
pay ?"
And though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my *lord-mayor*,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country-ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book!
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town!

101. *Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
108. *O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

In Imitation of MARTIAL.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the biſhop's bleſſing.
A *wife* that makes conſerves ; a *ſteed*
That carries double when there's need ;
October ſtore, and beſt *Virginia*,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary *guinea* ;
Gazettes ſent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd :
A large concordance, bound long ſince ;
Sermons to *Charles* the firſt, when prince ;
A chronicle of antient ſtanding ;
A *Chryſoſtom* to ſmooth thy band in ;
The *Polyglott*,—*three parts*,—my *text*—
Howbeit,—*likewiſe*—*now to my next*,—
Lo here the *Septuagint*,—and *Paul*,—
To *ſum the whole*,—the *cloſe of all.*
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'ſquire, and kiſs his wife ;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill ;
And faſt on *Fridays*—if he will ;

Toaſt

Toaſt church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new gift,
And ſhake his head at doctor *Swift*.

* A

TALE OF CHAUCER.

Lately found in an Old Manuſcript.

WOMEN, though nat ſans leacherie,
Ne ſwinken but with ſecrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in *Irelond*;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then there paſſen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of ladies gent.
" But ho! our nephew, (crieth one,)
" Ho! quoth another, couzen *John*;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſely clerk full low doth lout.
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is *coz*, and here is *miſs*."

But, as he gloz'd with ſpeeches ſoote,
The ducke ſore tickleth his erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd ladies; clerke nought ſpake;
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray ducke crieth *quaake*.
" O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on mon, whoſe yerde can *talke*.

* THE ALLEY.

An Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

IN ev'ry town where *Thamis* rolls his tide
A narrow paſs there is, with houſes low;
Where ever and anon the ſtream is ey'd,
And many a boat ſoft ſliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The ſhort thick ſob, loud ſcream, and ſhriller ſquall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II. And

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco-ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry;
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding oft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy
Join to the yelping treble ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

IV.

Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at *Billingſgate* did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a magpye chatters,
With *Envy* (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band;
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name wou'd call.
Whene'er ſhe paſſed by a lane or nook,
Wou'd greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford*, navy-building town;
Woolwich and *Wapping*, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch:
Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown;
And *Twick'nam* ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and *Jo--n's dog* and *bitch*:
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver *Thames*, or all a-down;
Ne *Richmond*'s ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and *Windſor*'s tow'ry pride.

* THE CAPON's TALE,

To a Lady who father'd her Lampoons upon her Acquaintance.

IN *Yorkſhire* dwelt a ſober yeoman,
Whoſe wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
Fed num'rous poultry in her pens,
And ſaw her cocks well ſerve her hens.

A hen

A hen ſhe had, whoſe tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes ſo piercing, yet ſo pleaſant,
You wou'd have ſworn this hen a pheaſant.
All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bruſtling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was ſuch flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing:
Each forward bird muſt thruſt his head in,
And not a cock but wou'd be treading.
Yet tender was this hen ſo fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than ſhe could rear.
Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of ſome dry-nurſe to ſave her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine
He eats the ſopps, ſhe ſipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles ſtings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.
The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to ſee what God had ſent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A fooliſh foſter-father-mother.
Such, lady *Mary*, are your tricks;
But ſince you hatch, pray own your chicks;
You ſhou'd be better ſkill'd in nocks,
Nor like your capons ſerve your cocks.

VERSES

Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-Book.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou ſee'ſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, *dear charming ſaint*;
Beneath, *a new receipt for paint:*
Here in beau-ſpelling, *true tel death*;
There in her own, *far an el breth:*
Here, *lovely nymph, pronounce my doom:*
There, *a ſafe way to uſe perfume:*
Here a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other ſide, *laid out for ſhoes*;
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
Who that had wit wou'd place it here
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,

If

If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS's PETITION.

Written in the Year 1701.

To their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*[a].

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries,

Humbly ſheweth,

That I went to warm myſelf in lady *Betty*'s[b] chamber, becauſe I was cold,
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my *lady* laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.

[a] Earl of *Berkeley*, and earl of *Galway*.
[b] Lady *Betty Berkeley*.

Now you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So, when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *lady* to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, *Lord!* I thought I ſhou'd have ſunk outright.
Lord! madam, ſays *Mary*, how d'ye do? indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid *Mary*, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in lady *Betty*'s chamber, that's a plain caſe.

So *Mary* got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of mrs. *Dukes's* box ty'd in a rag the money was found.
So next morning we told *Whittle* [b], and he fell a ſwearing:
Then my dame *Wadgar* [c] came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my lord [d] *Colway*'s folks are all very ſad;
For my lord [e] *Dromedary* comes a *Tueſday* without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the bus'neſs that I ail.

[b] Earl of *Berkeley*'s valet.
[c] The old deaf houſe-keeper.
[d] *Galway*.
[e] *Droghda*, who with the primate was to ſucceed the two earls.

Says *Cary* [f], ſays he, I have been a ſervant
this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard
of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the *ſteward*, I remember when I
was at my lady *Shrewſbury*'s.
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about
the time of *gooſberries*,
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I
found her full of grief,
(Now you muſt know of all things in the
world, I hate a thief)
However, I was reſolv'd to bring the diſ-
courſe ſlily about:
Mrs. *Dukes* [g], ſaid I, here's an ugly acci-
dent has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips
of a louſe [h];
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of
the houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and
ſixpence, makes a great whole in my
wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheri-
tance in theſe ages.

[f] Clerk of the kitchen.
[g] A ſervant, wife to one of the footmen.
[h] An uſual ſaying of hers.

Now,

Now, mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every
body underſtands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money
can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me, ſaid ſhe, (bleſſing her-
ſelf) if ever I ſaw't!
So ſhe roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as though I
had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what cou'd I ſay to her any
more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as
I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me
gone to the cunning man:
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain*
will be here anon.
So the *chaplain* [a] came in. Now the ſer-
vants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I
always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I
was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*,
when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know, he hates to be
call'd *parſon* like the *devil*)
Truly, ſays he, mrs. *Nab*, it might become
you to be more civil:

[a] The author.

If

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, 'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know, I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon*'s wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that, he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd, *Lord!* ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* too.
Then my *lord* call'd me: *Harry* *, ſaid my *lord*, don't cry,
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: and ſays my *lady*, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your *excellencies*,) I muſt petition you.

* A cant word of my lord and lady to mrs. *Harris*.

The

The premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire
your *excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next *Sunday*'s collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your
excellencies letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforeſaid,
or, inſtead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner* both night
and day,
Or the *chaplain*, (for 'tis his *trade*) as in
duty bound, ſhall ever *pray*.

Lady

Lady Betty Berkeley, *finding in the author's room ſome verſes* [a] *unfiniſhed, underwrit a* ſtanza *of her own with raillery upon him, which gave occaſion to this* Ballad, *written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.*

Written in the Year 1703.

To the tune of *The Cutpurſe.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in *Latin*;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.

Chorus. *Let cenſuring criticks then think what they liſt on't;*
Who wou'd not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

[a] Theſe verſes are called *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the poſthumous poetry. Vol. VII.

II.

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite,
That came through the key-hole, or in at
the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could
both read and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
Howe'er, is was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of
himſelf.

Cho. *Let cenſuring*, etc.

III.

Even ſo maſter doctor hath puzzled his brains
In making a ballad but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal
of pains;
When he found a new help from invi-
ſible hand.
Then good doctor *Swift*,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a
dead lift:

And,

And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.

Cho. *Let cenſuring*, etc.

VANBRUGH's HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall *that was burnt.*

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe could draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r:
Heroick ſtrains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets, or elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyrick ode wou'd ſlate; a catch
Wou'd tile; an epigram wou'd thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*:
For *Jove* conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race;

And,

And, ſhou'd they *build* as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the God of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay,
Sing, muſe, the houſe of poet *Van*
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it,)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* [a] gone to decay;
Or by *atchievements*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice:
And as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great *Jove!* he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,

[a] Houſe, Family.

And

And make my muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken *Thames*
Lament his old *Whitehall* in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and like a gentle God,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told *Van*, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So *Van* reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a *French* play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting *Jove* wou'd *ſmoke*;
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Wou'd whiſper to himſelf, a *bite*.
Then from the motly, mingled ſtyle
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build *Babel* with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from *Olympus'* top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides;
Ay, thought the God, are theſe your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks*;

And

And, ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and grudging lent his aid,
Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond hand,)
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts we may preſume
Were ſpent in building each a room;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother *Van*,
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found:

One aſks the watermen hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
Another of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
'Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder *Van.*
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail;
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journies in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Can'ſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all,
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For ev'ry wit in *Britain*'s iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like *Bacchus* thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a *Phœnix* from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;

A type

A type of *modern* wit and ſtyle,
The rubbiſh of an ancient pile:
So *chymiſts* boaſt they have a pow'r
From the dead aſhes of a flow'r
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice:
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

WHEN mother *Clud* had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How *miſs* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, buſy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a houſe two ſtories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture:*
He view'd the edefice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was ſo perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.

But, when he found the boys at play,
And ſaw them dabling in their clay,
He ſtood behind a ſtall to lurk,
And mark the progreſs of their work;
With true delight obſerv'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
And ſo reſolv'd a *houſe* to build;
A *real houſe*, and *rooms*, and *ſtairs*,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;
Taller than *miſs*'s by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards:
And ſo he did; for in a while
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at *Whitehall* it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchool-boys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves out-done.
From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At court *Vitruvius* the *ſecond*:
No wonder, ſince wiſe *authors* ſhow
That *beſt foundations* muſt be *low*:

And

And now the *duke*[a] has wiſely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at *Blenheim*.
But, raillery for once a-part,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
Or if his *grace* were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap* man chief engineer.

THE
VIRTUES OF SID HAMET
THE
MAGICIAN's ROD[b].

Written in 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmleſs wand,
While *Moſes* held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt *Engliſh* wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,

[a] The duke of *Marlborough*.
[b] The ſtaff of lord treaſurer *Godolphin*, which, on the 29th of *May* 1711, was given to *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford*.

Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Wou'd hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight feaſt the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magick rod*,
That bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines [c];
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect:
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In *Scottiſh* hills found precious ore [d],
Where none e'er look'd for it before;

[c] The *virgula divina*, or *divining rod*, is deſcribed to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long: it is to be held in the palms of the hands with the ſingle end elevated about eighty degrees; and in this poſition is ſaid to be attracted by minerals and ſprings, ſo as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found.

[d] Suppoſed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully*'s purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The *rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to *Styx*.
That *rod* was juſt a type of *Sid*'s,
Which o'er a *Britiſh* ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaiſe* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in*:
But, when th' enchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.

Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like *Sid*'s, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, thro' a long deſcent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as *Homer* ſings.
Though this deſcription look ſo big,
That *ſceptre* was a ſapleſs twig,
Which from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon*, never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair *Heſperian* pippin,
No *hobby-horſe*, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in *Charles Mather*'s ſhop[e],
Or glitt'ring tinſel of *May-fair*,
Could with this rod of *Sid* compare.
Dear *Sid*, then why wer't thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad?
You ſhou'd have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your miſtreſs*;
Or made it a *Newmarket* ſwitch,
And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
But, ſince old *Sid* has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

[e] An eminent toyman in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

ATLAS;

ATLAS;

OR, THE

MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE

LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So *Atlas*, leſt the pond'rous ſpheres
Shou'd ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet *Hercules* was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And *Atlas* is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then *Atlas* ne'er ſo wiſe,
Yet when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders*.

THE

THE

DESCRIPTION

OF A

SALAMANDER,

Out of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, *Lib.* 10. *C.* 67. *and Lib.* 29. *C.* 4.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæſar*;
As *pyes* and *daws* are often ſtil'd
With chriſtian nick-names like a child;
As we ſay *monſieur* to an *ape*,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hi'roglyphicks fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we enquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.

Would

Would you deſcribe *Turenne*[e] or *Trump*[f]?
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are theſe too low?--then find out grander,
Call my lord *Cuts* a *ſalamander*[g].
'Tis well;—but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm;
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.

Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a *ſnake* in human form,

[e] The famous *mareſchal Turenne*, general of the *French* forces, ſaid to have been the greateſt commander of the age.

[f] *Van Trump*, admiral of the States General in their laſt war with *England* eminent for his courage and his victories.

[g] Lord *Cuts*. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having ſurvived an engagement in which he ſtood an inceſſant fire for many hours. He is ſaid frequently to have lamented himſelf in theſe terms, "G—d "d—n my bl—d, I'm the moſt "unlucky dog upon earth; for "I never engaged an enemy "without being wounded, nor "a whore without being "p—x'd."

All

All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath make the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that muſt be a ſalamander!

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *ſerpent* is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpews a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage, or love, or both,)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhou'd ſome nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Charleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
Receive

Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon wou'd find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſs to purſue,
As from the *ſalamander*'s ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
If this be not a Salamander?

* THE

ELEPHANT;

OR,

THE PARLIAMENT-MAN:

Written many Years ſince.

Taken from *Coke*'s Inſtitutes.

E'RE bribes convince you whom to chuſe,
The precepts of lord *Coke* peruſe:
Obſerve an *elephant*, ſays he,
And let like him your member be:
Firſt, take a man that's free from *gall*;
For elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties* he muſt keep;
For elephants live juſt like ſheep:

Stubborn

Stubborn in honour he muſt be;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee:*
Laſt, let his *memory* be found,
In which your elephant's profound:
That *old examples* from the wiſe
May prompt him in his No's and I's.
Thus the lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers wit;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the compariſon is pat.
Yet in ſome points my lord is wrong:
One's *teeth* are ſold, and t'other's *tongue:*
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of ſhows*,
Whoſe docile memory and ſenſe
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
To get their maſter half a crown,
They ſpread their flag, or lay it down:
Thoſe who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practiſe ev'ry pliant geſture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry teſter.
Siam, for elephants ſo fam'd,
Is not with *England* to be nam'd:
Their elephants by men are ſold;
Ours ſell themſelves, and take the gold.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Suppoſed Death of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-Maker.[h]

WELL; 'tis as *Bickerſtaff* has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge, is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
E're he could prove the good *'ſquire* ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhou'd die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his *crony* ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if *Partridge* were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' *equator*,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.

[h] See an account of his death, which *Partridge* averred to be falſe, and *Bickerſtaff* defended as true. Vol. III.

Some

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt[1] *cobling* and *aſtrology*;
How *Partridge* made his *opticks* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden ſtars* and *rays*;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.
Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But *Partridge* ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it[2] *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the *Romans* wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing-horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?

[1] Partridge *was a cobler.* [2] *See his almanack.*

Which

Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus *Partridge* by his wit and parts
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
And cure the wounds that *Venus* made.
Great ſcholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.
Thus *Partridge* ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the *Cæſars* are.

Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by piſſing out their lights,
Or thro' a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
By *Phœbus* newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they *Argo's* hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*:
The point of *Sagittarius'* dart
Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art;
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by *Virgo's* ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit[a] aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

[a] —— Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, *etc.*

THE

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobler, ſtarmonger, *and* quack;
Who to the ſtars *in pure good-will*
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His pills, *his* almanacks, *or* ſhoes:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In phyſick, ſtolen goods, *or* love,
As he himſelf could, when above.

*VERSES

To be prefix'd before

BERNARD LINTOT's New Miſcellany[k].

SOME *Colinæus*[l] praiſe, ſome *Bleau*[l],
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some *Plantin*[k] to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem *old Elzevir*[k];

[k] The *Oxford* and *Cambridge* miſcellany, 8vo.

[l] Printers famous for having publiſhed fine editions of the Bible, and of the *Greek* and *Roman* claſſicks.

Others with *Aldus*[f] wou'd beſot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus.*—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own perſon large and fair.
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But *LINTOT* ſtands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the face.
Stephens prints *heathen Greek*, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read:
But all that comes from *Lintot*'s hand
Ev'n *Rawlinſon* might underſtand.
Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of *Lintot*'s books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.
Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any;
They ne'er gave *ſix-pence* for *two lines*
To them, their heirs, or their aſſigns:
But *Lintot* is at vaſt expence,
And pays prodigious dear for—ſenſe.
Their books are uſeful but to few,
A ſcholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral uſe are fit;
For ſome folks read, but all folks ſh—.

[f] A famous printer.

MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human-kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er ſince our grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
  Thus worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
  And death-watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen
  By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
  That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
  And greater gain wou'd riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the courtier void
  The worm that never dies!

O! learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
  Who ſett'ſt our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
  Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
  Some few ſhort years, no more!
[f] Ev'n *Button*'s wits to worms ſhall turn,
  Who maggots were before.

[f] *Button*'s coffee-houſe, in *Covent-Garden*, frequented by the wits of that time.

*VERSES

Occaſioned by an etc. *at the End of Mr.* D'Urfy's *Name in the Title to one of his Plays* *.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
The *vowels*, *U*, *O*, *I*, *E*, *A*;
All *diphthongs*, and all *conſonants*,
Either of *England*, or of *France*;
And all that were, or wiſh'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
Fierce is this cauſe; the *letters* ſpoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
Thoſe four proud ſyllables alone
Were ſilent, which by fate's decree
Chim'd in ſo ſmoothly, one by one,
To the ſweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
V, by whom names ſubſiſt, declar'd,
To have no place in this 'twas hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with *U*;
So hop'd to ſtand no leſs than he
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E ſhew'd a *comma* ne'er could claim
A place in any *Britiſh* name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thruſts your poor vowel from his notch;

* This accident happen'd by Mr. *D'Urfy*'s having made a flouriſh there, which the printer miſtook for an *etc.*

Hiatus mî valde deflendus!
From which, good *Jupiter*, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
Than be no part in *Tom D'Urfy*.
P proteſted, puff'd and ſwore,
He'd not be ſerv'd ſo like a beaſt;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at leaſt,
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
His double ſhare in *Cæſar Caius*
For only one in *Tom Durfeius*.
I, conſonant and vowel too,
To *Jupiter* did humbly ſue,
That of his grace he wou'd proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* name:
For though without them both 'twas clear
Himſelf could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
Yet they'd reſign that poſt ſo high
To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
B and *L* ſwore b— and w—s;
X and *Z* cry'd, p—x and z—s;
G ſwore by G--d, it ne'er ſhould be;
And *W* wou'd not loſe, not he,
An *Engliſh letter*'s property
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
In ſhort, the reſt were all in fray,
From *chriſt-croſs* to *et cætera*.

They,

They, tho' but ſtanders-by, too mutter'd;
Diphthongs and triphthongs ſwore and
flutter'd;
That none had ſo much right to be
Part of the name of ſtuttering *T*—
T—Tom—a—as—De—D'Ur—fy—fy.
Then *Jove* thus ſpake: With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:
Not thine, [a] immortal *Neufgermain!*
Coſt ſtudious *cabaliſts* more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn ſtrange hi'roglyphicks there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unleſs i'th' name of *Tom D'Urfy.*
Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I ſay?
What if the *Hebrew* next ſhould aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy*'s name?
Should the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I
Cou'd never bring in *Pſi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;

[a] A poet, who uſed to make verſes ending with the laſt ſyllables of the names of thoſe perſons he praiſed; which *Voiture* turn'd againſt him in a poem of the ſame kind.

And

And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
No leſs than *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.
Then, well-belov'd and truſty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, pleaſe each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid muſt call;
Et cæt'ra repreſents ye all:
Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd ſhall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* PROLOGUE

Deſign'd for Mr. D'URFY's laſt play.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to diſcard
Your perſevering, unexhauſted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the fair *againſt* her *will*:
Be kind and make him in his wiſhes eaſy,
Who in your own *deſpite* has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.

He

He ſcorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, ſhou'd each man bring his claim,
Have deſperate debentures on your fame;
And little wou'd be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor ſinks his credit lower than it was.
Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reaſons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And ſeen the death of much immortal ſong.
He ſays, poor poets loſt, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though *Tom* the poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
The comick *Tom* abounds in other treaſure.
Fame is at beſt an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial happineſs to *eat*.
Let eaſe, his laſt requeſt, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE

TO THE

Three Hours after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by ſtrange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones fools:
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reaſon men of ſenſe abhor;
But fool 'gainſt fool, is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then ſhou'd criticks fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the *French* "who made it."
By running goods theſe graceleſs owlers gain;
Theirs are the *rules* of *France*, the *plots* of *Spain*:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe rogues, turns *Engliſh* common draught.
They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez'* ſprightly ſtrain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How

How ſhall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares moſt impudently not tranſlate!
It had been civil in theſe tickliſh times
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and *French* abuſe to the world's end;
But ſpare old *England*, left you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our ſatire bit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as *ſaleſmen* clothes;
We take no meaſure of your fops and beaus;
But here all ſizes and all ſhapes you meet,
And fit yourſelves, like chaps in *Monmouth-ſtreet*.
Gallants! look here; this [a] *fool's cap* has an air,
Goodly and ſmart, with ears of *Iſſachar*.
Let no one fool engroſs it, or confine,
A common bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for ſuch as will, to wear.
Our author has it now, (for every wit
Of courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ;)
And thus upon the ſtage 'tis fairly [b] thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

[a] Shews a cap with ears. [b] Flings down the cap, and exit.

*SANDYS'S GHOST:

OR, A

Proper New BALLAD

ON THE

New *OVID's METAMORPHOSES*

As it was intended to be tranſlated by Perſons of Quality.

YE lords and commons, men of wit
And pleaſure about town,
Read this, e're you tranſlate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verſes ſterling,
Though with a golden pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *berlin*:

For not the deſk with ſilver nails,
Nor *bureau* of expence,
Nor ſtandiſh well japan'd, avails
To writing of good ſenſe.

Hear how a ghoſt in dead of night,
With ſaucer eyes of fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A wit and courtly 'ſquire.

Rare

Rare imp of *Phœbus*, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uſes
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muſes.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his ſoul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A deſk he had of curious work,
With glitt'ring ſtuds about;
Within the ſame did *Sandys* lurk,
Though *Ovid* lay without.

Now, as he ſcratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the *ſprite* ſo thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whiſkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd moſt duly,
This 'ſquire he dropp'd his pen full ſoon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! maſter *Sam*, quoth *Sandys'* ſprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
Forſooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To *Budgel* ſeek, or *Carey*.

I hear

I hear the beat of *Jacob*'s drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no quarter!
See firſt the merry *P*— comes
In haſte without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'ſquires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St. *James*'s, and at *White*'s,
Beats up for volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom Burnet or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Dunton, *Steel*, or any one.

If juſtice *Philips*' coſtive head
Some frigid rhymes diſburſes;
They ſhall like *Perſian* tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurſes.

Let *Warwick*'s muſe with *Aſh*—*t* join,
And *Ozel*'s with lord *Hervey*'s,
Tickell and *Addiſon* combine,
And *Pope* tranſlate with *Jervis*.

L— himſelf, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with *F*— in one accord,
And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye

Ye *ladies* too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witneſs lady *Wortley*.

Now, *Tonſon*, liſt thy forces all,
Review them and tell noſes:
For to poor *Ovid* ſhall befal
A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*;

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his books can vapour—
"To what, (quoth 'ſquire) ſhall *Ovid* change?"
Quoth *Sandys*, *To waſte paper*.

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the beſt-known author *Umbra* ſits,
The conſtant index to all *Button*'s wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: only *Johnſon*—*Oh!*
Your ſlave, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*:
Dear Rowe, *let's ſit and talk of tragedies:*
Ere long *Pope enters*, and to *Pope* he flies.

Then up comes *Steele:* he turns upon his *heel,*
And in a moment faſtens upon *Steele;*
But cries as ſoon, *dear* Dick, *I muſt be gone,*
For, if I know his tread, here's Addiſon.
Says *Addiſon* to *Steele,* 'tis time to go:
Pope to the cloſet ſteps aſide with *Rowe.*
Poor *Umbra,* left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en ſits him down, and writes to honeſt
Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, ſenſe like charity *begins at home.*

DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bow'r or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel *John* duke of *Guiſe,*
And *Nic.* of *Lancaſtere.*

When

When *Richard Cour-de-Lion* reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of theſe the duke of *Lancaſtere*
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With *Spaniſh* wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made full ſhort by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To *Guiſe*'s duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whisk ourſelf will play,
"Sir duke! be here to-night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileleſs *Guiſe*
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly *Kenſington!*

All

All in a trice he ruſh'd on *Guiſe*,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic!* oh *Nic*. alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, alas the day
When *John* of *Guiſe* ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do—what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d, inſtead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth *Guiſe*;
"No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
"The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out."
Then *Lancaſtere* did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd, and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the line of *Lancaſtere*,
" That battled heretofore?

" In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
" And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech)
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *dutchy* chancellor;
" *Durante life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
" Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And duke *Nic.* up leap'd he:
I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
But, *Guiſe!* I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree;
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night
" (Quoth *Guiſe*) I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant *Guiſe*.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold *Nicholas*
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was *Lancaſtere* to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And ſo he did—for to *New Court*
His rowling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *bus'neſs* muſt be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brompton* park,
He turn'd up through the *Gore*;
So ſlunk to *Cambden* houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean while duke *Guiſe* did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The day I meet him, *Nic.* ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
"Paſte we this recreant's name,
"So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
"And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious king,
And grant, his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from duke *Nic.*
That *pride will have a fall.*

* Fragment

* Fragment of a SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal quill,
I wiſh the man a dinner, and ſit ſtill:
If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious fret,
I'll anſwer *Dennis*, when I am in debt.
This hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint?*
Should ſome more ſober criticks come abroad,
If wrong, I ſmile; if right, I kiſs the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and *points* they ſet exactly right;
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their *mite:*
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd thoſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*,
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *ſcans* and *ſpells*;
A word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables.
Even 'en this creature may ſome notice claim,
Wrapt round and ſanctify'd with *Shake-ſpear*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! The

The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
And wonder how the devil it got there.
Are others angry? I excuſe them too:
Well may they rage; I gave them *but* their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This who can *gratify?* for who can *gueſs?*
The wretch [a] whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a *Perſian* tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains ſix lines a year;
In ſenſe ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
[b] *Johnſon*, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
[c] It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
Should modeſt ſatire bid all theſe *tranſlate*,
And own that nine ſuch poets make a *Tate*;

[a] *Philips.* Cobler of *Preſton.*
[b] Author of the *Victim*, and [c] Verſe of Dr. *Ev.*

How

How wou'd they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
How wou'd they ſwear not *Congreve*'s ſelf was ſafe!
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne;
View him with ſcornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Who, if two wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt;
Like *Cato*, gives his *little ſenate* laws,
And ſits attentive to his own applauſe;

While

While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe--
What pity, heav'n! if ſuch a man there be,
Who would not weep, if *Addiſon* were he!

* MACER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the town,
And in a borrow'd play out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtopt ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

[a] He requeſted by publick advertiſements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miſcellany in 1713.

So

So ſome coarſe country wench almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns chamber-maid:
Aukward, and ſupple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *ſimplicity*:
In a tranſlated ſuit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left but wither'd pale and ſhrunk
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

* SYLVIA,

A FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wond'rous wiſe alarm'd,
Aw'd without ſenſe, and without beauty charm'd:

But

But ſome odd graces and fine flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad:
Her tongue ſtill run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wiſe:
Good-nature, ſhe declar'd it, was her ſcorn,
Tho' 'twas by that alone ſhe could be born:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now coy, and ſtudious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for *D——y* at a ball:
Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and *Chartres*.
Men, ſome to buſ'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take;
But ev'ry woman's in her ſoul a rake.
Frail, fev'riſh ſex! their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheiſm and ſuperſtition rule by turns;
And the mere heathen in her carnal part
Is ſtill a ſad good chriſtian at her heart.

* ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH *Artemiſia* talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſicks, fathers, wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in ſome things, methinks ſhe fails;
'Twere well, if ſhe wou'd pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* bride;
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye height,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

* PHRYNE.

* PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniards or *French* came to her,
To all obliging ſhe'd appear;
'Twas *ſi ſignior*, 'twas *yaw mynheer*,
'Twas *s'il vous plait*, *monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair,
Which curious *Germans* hold ſo rare,
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wrigling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY LLOYD.

OR, THE

Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

WHEN *Cupid* did his grandſire *Jove* intreat
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country ſcene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dex'trous boy
Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
The *Graces* from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Lloyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. *FINCH*,

Afterwards Counteſs of *Winchelſea*,

Under her name of *Ardelia*.

PHOEBUS, now ſhort'ning ev'ry ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropick* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The God laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common light'ning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of *Ardelia*'s eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright God whom bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his looks,
And gueſs'd his bus'neſs e're he ſpoke.

He in the old celeſtial cant
Confeſs'd his flame and ſwore by *Styx*
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant—
But wiſe *Ardelia* knew his tricks.

Ovid

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of ſtroling Gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial
  To cheat the God in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
  Let which I pleaſe of all the nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
  The God could not refuſe her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
  But ſhe the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright *Ardelia's* ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to ſtay,
For in her preſence durſt be rude,
  But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their queen the muſes wait:
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* pow'r;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, *Apollo* ſpoke:
Deceitful nymph, I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

Of modeſt poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to compleat,
May you deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A whig, and one that wears a gown.

* IMPROMPTU.

* IMPROMPTU.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

ccaſion'd by four Satirical Verſes on *Women Wits* in *The Rape of the Lock.*

'N vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe *Sapphos* we admire no more:
ate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
ut doom'd it then, when firſt *Ardelia* writ.
f all examples by the world confeſt,
knew *Ardelia* could not quote the beſt;
/ho, like her miſtreſs on *Britannia's* throne,
ights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
o write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
v'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:
ight to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
ut ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

* EPIGRAM.

A Biſhop by his neighbours hated
Has cauſe to wiſh himſelf tranſlated:
ıt why ſhou'd *Hough* deſire tranſlation,
ov'd and eſteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's caſe,
ll lay my life, I know the place:
'is where God ſent ſome that ádore him,
nd whither *Enoch* went before him.

STELLA'S Birth-Day. 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more:)
However, *Stella*, be not troubled;
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, wou'd it pleaſe the Gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.
And then before it grew too late,
How ſhou'd I beg of gentle fate
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain.

STELLA'S Birth-Day. 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find their chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The *Angel-inn* to ev'ry friend.

What though the painting grows decay'd
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treach'rous tapſter *Thomas*
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old *Angel-inn*.

Now this is *Stella's* caſe in fact:
An *angel's* face, a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix:)
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel's* mind;
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of *Stella's* eyes.
See at her levee crowding ſwains,
Whom *Stella* freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When *Doll* hangs out a newer face;

Or ſtop and light at *Cloe's* head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, *Cloe*, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix, and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that *Stella* is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That *Stella* loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When *Stella's* locks muſt all be grey,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art or time or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And crowd to *Stella's* at fourſcore.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on *Stella's* day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long-thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring nine,
I waited at *Apollo's* ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If *Stella* were unſung to-day;
How I ſhou'd hide my head for ſhame,
When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
How *Sh—r* the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That *Phœbus* help'd me in my rhymes,

Phœbus

Phœbus inſpir'd me from above;
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetick licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think *Euſden's* right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for *Stella's* ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And *Stella* will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle:
Tho' you ſhould live like old *Methuſalem*,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em:
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns
Through the whole ſet of *Iriſh* deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean *W*—, and *D*—, and dean *Smedley*,
That, let what dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to [a] mrs. *Brent*;

[a] Houſe-keeper,

For

For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the God of *earth* delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In [b] *Saunder's* cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent [c] *Archy* hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:
Let *Stella* look with watchful eye,
[d] *Rebecca*, [e] *Ford*, and *Grattons* by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!
The God of winds, and God of fire,
Did to its wond'rous birth conſpire;
And *Bacchus* for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand mrs. *Brents*,
Ten thouſand *Archys*, arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to *Pluto's* ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the muſe;

[b] The butler.
[c] The footman.
[d] A lady, friend to *Stella*.
[e] Friends of the author.

(But

(But firſt let *Robert* on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees)
The muſe will at your call appear
With *Stella's* praiſe to crown the year.

STELLA'S Birth-Day. 1724.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay ſhe's paſt her dancing days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While *Sheridan* is off the hooks,
And friend *Delany* at his books,
That *Stella* may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like *Phœbus*, young;

Nor

Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like *Venus*, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetick dreſs;
And, if the muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, *Stella*, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That *Time* ſits with his ſcythe to mow
Where erſt ſate *Cupid* with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lyes.

No

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *ſight!*

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whatever the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can in ſpight of all decays
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;

Yet

Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes:)
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtil'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Shou'd acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, *Stella*, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates:
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;

That

That courage, which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn ſtoicks wou'd complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continu'd by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, *Stella*, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.

For

For virtue in her daily race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly wou'd your ſuff'rings ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

* TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.

OH, be thou bleſt with all that heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!
Not with thoſe toys the female race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;

Not as the world its pretty ſlaves rewards,
A youth of frolicks, an old-age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a fot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Let joy, or eaſe, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or extaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

* SONG

By a Perſon of Quality.

I SAID to my heart, between ſleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aking,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit--a--patation?

Thus

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this ſober reply:
See the heart without motion, though *Celia* paſs by!
Not the beauty ſhe has, or the wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any ſorrows.

When our *Sappho* appears, ſhe whoſe wit's ſo refin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud with the reſt of mankind;
Whatever ſhe ſays, is with ſpirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Thoſe ſtars of this world are too good for the ſkies.

But *Cloe* ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her wit ſo genteel, without art, without care;
When ſhe comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the akings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out
of ſeaſon!
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this angel ſhould
be,
Would one think Mrs. *Howard* ne'er dreamt
it was ſhe?

* BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as *Nelly*,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck and ſmooth white ſkin
Of lovely deareſt *Nelly*!
For many a ſwain it well had been,
Had ſhe ne'er paſs'd by *Calais*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries* each glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens:
The king, as he at dinner ſate,
Did beckon to his *huſſar*,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming *Nell* to buſs her.

The

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*:
Then ſaid the duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that grave philoſopher,
That carefully looks a'ter?
By his concern it ſhou'd appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
May'foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly,)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord
Broke out in *Nelly*'s praiſes,
Admir'd her *roſe*, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes francoiſes.*)
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by *Nelly*;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais.*

In *Marli*'s gardens, and St. *Clou*,
I ſaw this charming *Nelly*,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley*:
But *Venus* had a brazen face,
Both at *Verſailles* and *Meudon*,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were *Nelly*'s figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn *Pygmalion*:
For ſpite of lips, and eyes and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe, and her right toe.

* ODE, for Muſick.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* miſs'd on
By wicked *Will. Whiſton*;
And not better hit on
By good maſter *Ditton.*

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiſton*
May both be bep-ſt-on;
And *Whiſton* and *Ditton*
May both be beſh-t on.

Sing *Ditton*,
Beſh-t on;
And *Whiſton*,
Bep-ſt on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiſton*,
And *Whiſton* and *Ditton*,
Beſh-t and bep-ſt on,
Bep-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about *Handel* and *Bononcini*.

STRANGE! all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee*!

* ON MRS. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their *Orpheus* along:
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

* TWO OR THREE,

OR A

Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three viſits, and two or three bows;
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kiſſes, with two or three ſighs,
Two or three *Jeſuſſes* and *let-me-die's*,

Two

Two or three ſqueezes, or two or three towzes,
(With two or three thouſand pound loſt at their houſes)
Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes.

* *On a* LADY *who p---t at the Tragedy of* Cato; *occaſioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.*

WHILE maudlin *whigs* deplor'd their *Cato's* fate,
Still with dry eyes the *tory Celia* ſate:
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The guſhing waters find a vent below:
Tho' ſecret, yet with copious grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew their hypocritick face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place:
There nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart.

* EPIGRAM

*EPIGRAM,

In a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book.

WHEN *Iſrael's* daughters mourn'd their paſt offences,
They dealt in *ſackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wenches:*
But *Richmond's* fair ones never ſpoil their locks;
They uſe white powder, and wear *holland* ſmocks.
O comely church! where females find *clean linen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *ſin* in.

EPIGRAM.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But *Tom* is a perſon of honour ſo nice,

Too

Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

* The Balance of *Europe*.

NOW *Europe*'s balanc'd, neither ſide prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the ſcales.

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

Goldſmith, near Temple-bar;

Occaſioned by his buying and ſelling the third South-Sea *ſubſcriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thouſand per cent* [a].

DISDAIN not, *Snow*, my humble verſe to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the *ſtocks*;
Suſpend the worldly bus'neſs of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

[a] In the year 1720 the *South-Sea* company, under pretence of paying the publick debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 *l.* Part of this ſum was ſubſcribed into their capital at three ſubſcriptions; the firſt at 300 *l. per cent.* the ſecond at 400 *l.* and a third at 1000 *l.* Such was the infatuation of the time, that theſe ſubſcriptions were bought and ſold at exorbitant premiums, ſo that 100 *l. South-Sea* ſtock ſubſcribed at 1000 *l.* was ſold for 1200 *l.* in *Exchange-alley*.

O thou

O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
he *South-Sea* rocks and ſhelves, where
thouſands drown'd!
/hen credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping
lay,
'hou ſtood'ſt: no bill was ſent unpaid away.
/hen not a guinea chink'd on * *Martin's*
boards,
.nd * *Atwill's* ſelf was drain'd of all his
hoards,
'hou ſtood'ſt; an *Indian* king in ſize
and hue!
'hy unexhauſted ſhop was our *Peru.*
Why did '*change-alley* waſte thy preci-
ous hours
.mong the fools who gap'd for golden
ſhow'rs?
Jo wonder, if we find ſome poets there,
Vho live on fancy, and can feed on air;
Jo wonder, *they* were caught by *South-*
Sea ſchemes,
Vho ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
Jo wonder, *they* their third ſubſcriptions
ſold
'or millions of imaginary gold;

* Names of eminent goldſmiths.

No

No wonder, that *their* fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But *you* (whoſe judgment ſcorns poetick flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper kites.
Let vultur *Hopkins* ſtretch his rufty throat,
Who ruins thouſands for a ſingle groat:
I know thou ſcorn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſures which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
Through fam'd *Moorfields* extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where wrap'd in contemplation, and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.

There

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1.259.
J.J. Müller inv. del. et. Sc.

There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.
As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bow'rs,
A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eye obſerv'd the ſtructure well:
A ſharpen'd ſkew'r croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle-walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:

Yet

Yet loth the ſum intire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's
"void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant
frown'd:
"Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my debts
compound!
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkew'r he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my [b] tally of ten thouſand
"pound."

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wiſe philoſophers! explain
What magick makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the *Southern* main?
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto be gone---'Tis here agen;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

[b] *Charles* II, having borrowed a conſiderable ſum, gave tallies as a ſecurity for the repayment; but ſoon after, ſhutting up the *Exchequer*, theſe tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the *South-Sea* had exceeded it.

Thus

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal ſeems to ſwim.

It riſes both in bulk and height;
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop!
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pound;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a deſp'rate bet;
Then plunges in the *Southern* waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtick ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Two hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke;
And here the owners find their graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *directors* led,
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-ſea* ſhore.

Rais'd up on *hope's* aſpiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is caſt.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*;
He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern ſeas *he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in your dang'rous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So

So have I ſeen from *Severn's* brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together,
Swim where the bird of *Jove* would ſink,
And ſwimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd:
But, if a *ſharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwall'wing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the *Southern ſea*;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-ſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream,
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be ſoon,
(Cries out a ſage among the crowd;)
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon:
The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud.

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes riſing from the main
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like *Lapland* witches in a ſieve.

Thus *Venus* to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhews the queen of love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

A ſhilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The ſilver takes a nobler hue
By magick virtue in the ſpring,
And ſeems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not paſs
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying glaſs,
Than what it always did before;

So

So caſt it in the *Southern ſeas*,
And view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden* ſtars for guineas took,
And *ſilver Cynthia* for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There ſprawl'd a while, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

Upon the water caſt thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph where thouſands fell;
Here all the bold advent'rers came;
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot, ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n agen,
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men.

Mean time ſecure on [1] *Garr-way* cliffs
A ſavage race, by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
Directors build them in the ſeas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee 'em there;
For fools will ſee, as wiſe men pleaſe.

Thus oft by mariners are ſhewn
(Unleſs the men of *Kent* are liars)
Earl *Godwin's* caſtles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the ſly *directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

[1] Pſalm cvii. [2] Coffee-houſe in *Change-alley*.

Then,

Then, like the dogs of *Nile*, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could by magick charms
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell:
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air to hell.*

Directors thrown into the ſea
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in *air.*

Oh! may ſome *Weſtern* tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *locuſts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-ſea* to the *Red!*

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
Quiet the raging of the ſea,
And *ſtill the madneſs of the* crowd!

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till theſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
The devils leaving the poſſeſt)
And *headlong in the waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors promiſes but wind,
South-ſea at beſt a mighty *bubble.*

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
Arma virûm, tabulæque, et Troia gaza
per undas. Virg.

* A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When *ay* ſaid *ay*, and *no* ſaid *no*,
Without a place or fee;
Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, etc.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er:
And ev'ry houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by the Imp *Quadrille*, etc.

III. Sure

III.

ure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name;
\nd, ſtateſman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game:
3ut, if the parties manage ill,
Che king is forc'd to loſe *Codille*, etc.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
Chey were in *Cupid's* books enroll'd,
And call'd a *party quarree*:
3ut now, meet when and where you will,
\ *party quarree* is *Quadrille*, etc.

V.

Che commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
.eave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
\nd well that duty they fulfil,
When the good huſband's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes the *apothecary*;
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare. The

The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud
The *Muſcovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her neighbours proud
Wou'd want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his ſword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a ſquire and lord
An unwaſh'd knight of *Bath*:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, etc.

IX.

A party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* eyes;
'Twas call'd in *Poſt-boy* and *Gazette*
The *quadruple allies*:
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at *Quadrille*, etc.

X.

And now, God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke *Hanover*;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over:
But let the king go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, etc.

* MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

Fair Maid of the Inn *.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
I've ſeen *Molly Mog* of the *Roſe*.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

* The *Roſe Inn* at *Ockingham* in *Berkſhire*.

I know

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at beſt are a clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The ſchool-boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day*;
But mine is on ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the traveller a gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog:
But no light can ſet me a madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog:
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet *Molly Mog*.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas's* merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Thoſe who toaſt all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for ſweet *Molly Mog*.

When

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the *viçar*,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mog*.

* *A New Song of New Similies.*

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a *March* hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as *David's* ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of woman-kind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

Melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to peep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee!
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her:
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As

As fine as five-pence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are;
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who would take *Peru!*
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a *Jew.*

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt:
Let us like burs together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

* NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

Being a new ballad, ſhewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's *throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr.* Blake, *alias* Blueſkin, *the bold highwayman, as he ſtood at his trial in the* Old-Baily, 1725.

To the Tune of the Cut-purſe.

I.

YE gallants of *Newgate*, whoſe fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe,
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye ſhall hear,
How *Jonathan's* throat was cut from ear to ear,
How *Blueſkin's* ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueſkin* was led,
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him *Jonathan* ſtood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of *Jonathan's* wife.
But forty pounds paid her her grief ſhall appeaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the king's gold, and leave him but a *crown*:
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers agen.
Let them all take their ſwing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, inſtead of a ſtring.
Now *Blueſkin's* ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves, of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions:
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For *Blueskin's* ſharp penknife hath ſet you
at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the
halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar.
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince *Jonathan's*
cold:
For *Blueskin's* ſharp penknife hath ſet you at
eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VI.

Some by publick revenues, which paſs'd
through their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houſes, and bought
dirty lands:
Some to ſteal from a charity think it no ſin,
Which at home (ſays the proverb) does always
begin. But,

But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd a truſtee,
Treat not orphans like maſters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honeſtly ſeize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a pother has here been with *Wood* and his braſs,
Who would modeſtly make a few half-pennies paſs!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For *Diomede* changed his copper for gold:
But, if *Ireland* deſpiſe
The new half-pennies,
With more ſafety to rob on the road I adviſe:
For *Blueſkin's* ſharp penknife hath ſet thee at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PROMETHEUS.

On *Wood** the patentee's *Iriſh half-pence*.

Written in the Year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'ſquire and tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely conſulting *Ireland's* good,
Together mingled in a maſs
Smith's duſt, and copper, lead, and braſs;
The mixture thus by chymick art
United cloſe in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd ſpecies;
And, by the forming engine ſtruck,
On all the ſame impreſſion ſtuck.
So, to confound this *hated coin*,
All *parties* and *religions* join;
Whigs, *Tories*, *Trimmers*, *Hanoverians*,
Quakers, *Conformiſts*, *Preſbyterians*,
Scotch, *Iriſh*, *Engliſh*, *French* unite,
With *equal int'reſt*, *equal ſpight*;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The ſame impreſſion on his mind.
A ſtrange event! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *braſs* unites:

* See an Account of *Wood's* project in the *Drapier's* letters, Vol. X.

So

So goldſmiths ſay, the coarſeſt ſtuff
Will ſerve for *ſolder* well enough:
So by the *kettle's* loud alarm
The *bees* are gather'd to a *ſwarm*:
So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluſter
Troops of all tongues and nations muſter:
And ſo the *harp* of *Ireland* brings
Whole crowds about its *brazen ſtrings*.

II.

There is a chain let down from *Jove*,
But faſten'd to his throne above,
So ſtrong that from the lower end,
They ſay, all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When *Jove* was young, was made of *gold*.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Diſſolv'd, and into *money* coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of braſs:
(*Venus* * was brib'd to let it paſs.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove ſaw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his Godſhip rais'd;
No ſacrifice at altars blaz'd;
In ſhort, ſuch dire confuſion follow'd,
Earth muſt have been in chaos ſwallow'd.

* A great lady was ſaid to have been bribed by *Wood*.

Jove ſtood amaz'd; but, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he cou'd no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent *Mercury* to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with a chain himſelf had made,
On icy *Caucaſus* to ſhiver,
While vulturs eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of *Grubſtreet*, make me able
Diſcreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be underſtood
By that old thief *Prometheus?* Wood,
For *Jove*, it is not hard to gueſs him;
I mean his Majeſty, *God bleſs him*.
This thief and blackſmith was ſo bold,
He ſtrove to ſteal that chain of gold,
Which links the ſubject to the king,
And change it for a brazen ſtring.
But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
Between the king and us but braſs,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow ſlack.
But *Jove* will ſoon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;

With

With which *Prometheus* ſhall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother;
One year he languiſh'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.
Yet, when his love the ſhepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than ſnow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain:
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the marks of high diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The ſwain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The nymph ſtill to deny;
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe would not ſtay;
He ſwore ſhe ſhould not fly.
Enrag'd, ſhe call'd her footman ſtrait,
And ruſh'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

CORINNA.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world *Corinna* fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.
But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.
Then *Cupid* thus; This little maid
Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write:
And I pronounce (the *Satyr* ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.
Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquawl in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.
At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid;
And you may ſwear the tale went round.
She made a ſong, how little miſs
Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad;
And how, when maſter went to p—,
Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife:
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns auth'reſs, and is *Curll's* for life.
Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of ſcandal now a *cornucopia*;
She pours it out in [b] *Atalantis*,
Or memoirs of the *New Utopia*.

* THE

QUIDNUNCKI'S:

A Tale occaſion'd by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at [c] dame *Ellevt's* maſter *Tr—s*)
Good *Orleans* dead! in truth 'tis hard
Oh! may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for foreſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
—I wiſh the king were ſafely landed.

[b] The *Atalantis* was written by Mrs. *Manley*; and may be conſidered as a pander for the ſtews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance, and good addreſs.

[c] Coffee-houſe near St. *James's*.

Ah

Ah friends! great changes threat the land!
All *France* and *England* at a ſtand!
There's *Merowois*—mark! ſtrange world!
And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk*—
The *Pope*—An *India*-merchant by
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply:
All at a ſtand? you ſee great changes?
Ah, ſir! you never ſaw the *Ganges*:
There dwells the nation of *Quidnuncki's*,
(So *Monomotapa* calls monkies:)
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now:)
Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug;
They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:
Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher;
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one ſwing.)
From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!

Z—ds!

Z—ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
Morblue! cries one; and *damme*, t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral ſcreech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the publick weal,
And for a while forgets to ſteal.
A while all eyes intent and ſteddy
Purſue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And buſineſs on each monkey ſhore
Runs the ſame track, it run before.

* AY AND NO:

A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then *words*, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near *Channel-row*[*],
Two hoſtile adverbs, *ay* and *no*,
Were haſt'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:

[*] *Channel-row* is a dirty ſtreet near the parliament-houſe, *Weſtminſter*.

Stop,

Stop, peeviſh particle, beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
'Tis *we* who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow,
That *no* gives *ay*, and *ay* gives *no*:
Yet in expenſive long contention
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion:
Why then ſhou'd *kinsfolks* quarrel thus?
(For *two* of *you* make *one* of *us*[1].)
To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his *proper uſe* may know:
He may admit two ſuch commanders;
And make thoſe wait who ſerv'd in *Flanders*.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treas'ry lord, not maſter *Y—g*,
Obſequious at his high command
Ay ſhall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments *no* can beſt reſiſt,
And *ay* ſupport the civil liſt:
Ay quick as *Cæſar* wins the day;
And *no*, like *Fabius*, by delay.
Sometimes, in mutual ſly diſguiſe,
Let *ay's* ſeem *no's*, and *no's* ſeem *I's*;

[1] In *Engliſh* two negatives make an affirmative.

Ay's

Ay's be in courts denials meant,
And *no's* in biſhops give conſent.
Thus *by* propos'd—and for reply
No for the firſt time anſwer'd *I*.
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for *pay*, like *Swiſſes*.

PHILLIS:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the Year 1716.

DEſponding *Phillis* was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head.
In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud;
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;

There

There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Wou'd lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of *Phil!* the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſculk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way.*
Now *John* the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that *Phillis* went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle *Crop*;
For *John* muſt neither light, nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do;
For truly *John* was miſſing too:

The

The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phillis it ſeems, was fled with *John*.
Old madam, who went up to find
What papers *Phil* had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much honour'd father—theſe,
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a *fortune-teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving-man of low degree*.
" It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heaven*:
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't*, *if 'twere to do again*:
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*;
" For *John* was come of *honeſt kin*.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She'd beg with* John *from door to door*.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll never do't *another time*.
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling*;

" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour when his *paſſion's over.*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was—his *moſt obedient daughter.*"
Fair maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both their riders tir'd;
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and *John* began to curſe:
Phil wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted *Peg.*
But what adventures more befel 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em:
How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till *Phillis* all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her marriage vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In chriſtian juſtice due to *John.*
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,

And

And with exact poetick juſtice;
For *John* is landlord, *Phillis* hoſteſs:
They keep at *Staines* the *Old Blue Boar*,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay,
The third night's profits of his play;)

His morning-draughts 'till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor *Pegaſus* could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;
The ſteed oppreſs'd would break his girth
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is *Hippocrene*,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all *Grubſtreet* rings.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

WHEN firſt *Diana* leaves her bed,
  Vapours and ſteams her look diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
  Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high
  Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
  Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

Twixt earthly females and the moon
  All parallels exactly run:
If *Celia* ſhould appear too ſoon,
  Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
  All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
  Poor *Strephon*, how wou'd he blaſpheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
  So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent ſcite,
  They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe.

So *Celia* went entire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But, when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in ſight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But *Celia* can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her *early* ſelf no more;
But fill'd with admiration ſtands,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cauſe ſuch marvellous effects?

Ven-

Feuns, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White lead and [b] *Luſitanian* diſh.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
White lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
A lady's face, and *China* ware.

he ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the beaux approach too near:

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar;
Delude at once, and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
And chiefly chuſe to ſhine by night.

ut art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
he beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

[b] Portugal.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay
Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I, as well as they,
Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair *Diana's* caſe;
For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals ſay ſhe's in her wane:

While [a] *Partridge* wiſely ſhews the cauſe
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That *Cancer* with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*;

But *Gadbury*, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhew,
That ſwain *Endymion* [b] is not found,
Or elſe that *Mercury's* her foe,

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That *Flamſtead* can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

[a] *Partridge* and *Gadbury* wrote each an ephemeris.

[b] *Endymion*, a young ſhepherd, of whom *Diana* was feigned to be enamoured.

Yet

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
'Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting *Celia* ſtroles the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed:

For ſure, if this be *Luna's* fate,
Poor *Celia*, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When *Mercury* her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye pow'rs, who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If you would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon.

PETHOX THE GREAT.

FROM *Venus* born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race:

Whether

Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers *Vulcan* for thy ſire,
The God who made *Scamander* boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil,
From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal pow'r deſcends to thee:
Whether from dreadful *Mars* you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, ſhew num'rous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*;
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent:
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring *Gaul* deſcend:
Or from [b] *Parthenope* the proud,
Where numberleſs thy vot'ries crowd:
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear *Veſputio's* name;
For ſo conject'rers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude:
Whether, as *Epicurus* ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolifick ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life;

[b] Naples.

So

So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The [b] bird of *Pallas* knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'ſt.
Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once the *ſultan's* horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.
With half a word when you require,
The man of buſ'neſs muſt retire.
The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The buſ'neſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack,
And, as an inſtance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r:

[b] *Bubo*, the owl.

With

With pungent pains on ev'ry ſide,
So *Regulus* in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.
The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen.
The *Britons*, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have molded them a-freſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private uſe.

How

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With [b] *Hermes*, ſon of *Pleias* bright!
Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontifick made your glorious march;
The wond'rous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

[b] Mercury.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

For the Loſs of

GRILDRIG.

PASTORAL.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair:
No *Britiſh* miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and hawl'd in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into *Grildrig's* bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in *Guildhall.*
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears:
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhow'r of rain.

In

In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouſe.
" Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care
" Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar,
" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
" While pepper-water worms thy bait ſup-
" ply'd;
" Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
" And all the little monſters of the brook!
" Sure in that lake he dropt; my *Grilly's*
" drown'd!"—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.
" Vain is thy courage, *Grilly*, vain thy
" boaſt;
" But little creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
" Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's
" paw,
" Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at
" taw,
" Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
" Why did I truſt thee with that giddy
" youth?
" Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving
" boy
" To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy,
" Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
" As children tear the wings of flies away.

" From place to place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll
" roam,
" Ah never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing
" wind?
" How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
" Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone
" In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone;
" Or, tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlipp'ry
" round,
" Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the
" ground?
" Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely roſe,
" Or ſunk within the peach's down, repoſe?
" Within the king-cup if thy limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head,
" O ſhew me, *Flora*, 'midſt thoſe ſweets,
" the flow'r
" Where ſleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant
" bow'r!
" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby play-things that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimnies, and the ſpa-
" cious rooms,
" Equal in ſize to cells of honey-combs;

" Haſt

" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the
" ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thine oar?
" Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimick the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How wer't thou wont to walk with cauti-
" ous tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
" How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe
" away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpet's mellow noiſe:
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing
eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty
ſkies.
O ſquander not thy grief! thoſe tears com-
mand
To weep upon our cod in *Newfoundland*:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And *Europe* taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

* MARY GULLIVER

TO

Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's *in the country, Mrs.* Gulliver, *apprehending from his late behaviour ſome eſtrangement of his affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly complaining epiſtle.*

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
----What, touch me not; what, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd, and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no ſecond ſpouſe;
What *Redriff* wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis ſaid, that thou ſhould'ſt *cleave unto thy wife*;
Once *thou* did'ſt cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at leaſt to theſe; they are thy own:

Be

Be bold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claws?
Thy chriſtian ſeed, our mutual fleſh and bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe; they are thy own.
Biddel, like thee, might fartheſt *India* rove;
He chang'd his country, but retain'd his love.
There's captain *Pennel* abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet *Pennel's* wife is brown compar'd to me,
And Mrs. *Biddel* ſure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was *Flimnap's* dame more ſweet in *Lilliput*?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy *groom*.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to the *ſorrel-mare*?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou *litter* to the marriage bed!

* Names of the ſea-captains mention'd in *Gulliver's* travels.

Some ſay the devil himſelf is in that *mare:*
If ſo, our *dean* ſhall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt,
That *Bedlam* and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appeaſe!
That *ſtraw*, that *ſtraw* would heighten the diſeaſe.
My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no *Gulliver* is there!
I wake, I riſe, and ſhiv'ring with the froſt
Search all the houſe; my *Gulliver* is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreet I ruſh with frantick cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours riſe;
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? *O tell me where!*
The neighbours anſwer, "*With the ſorrel* "*mare*".
At early morn I to the market haſte,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to pleaſe thy taſte;)
A curious *fowl* and *ſparagraſs* I choſe,
(For I remember you were fond of thoſe:)
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſev'n groats:
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *oats*.

Others

Others bring goods and treaſures to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes:
My *only* token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's *corn*.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no 'tis to ſee
The *groom* and *ſorrel mare* preferr'd to me!
Theſe, for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At ev'ry danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquawl to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble, when by thouſands bound
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on *Lilliputian* ground?
When ſcaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs increas'd my flame.

Thoſe *ſpectacles*, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; *love* that armour gave.
How did I mourn at *Bolgolam's* decree!
For, when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix pence, I'd have giv'n a thouſand pound.
Lord! when the *giant-babe* that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the *marrow-bone* I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the *monkey* cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the *maiden's nipple* when you rid,
Pray heav'n, t'was all a wanton maiden did.
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free!
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach

O teach me, dear, new words to ſpeak,
my flame!
:ach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd
name!
hether the ſtyle of *Grildrig* pleaſe thee
moſt,
call'd on *Brobdingnag's* ſtupendous coaſt,
hen on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
ıd hollow'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate;
Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
hen like a mountain you look'd down
on kings:
ducal *Nardac*, *Lilliputian* peer,
Glumglum's humbler title ſooth thine ear:
ıy, wou'd kind *Jove* my organs ſo diſpoſe,
› hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* through
the noſe,
l call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high ſound-
ing name;
ıy children's noſes all ſhould twang the
ſame.
might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
ıdu'd with all the *virtues* of a *horſe*.

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN

THE

MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old,
Of him told,
When they ſaid,
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him ſtride
Vallies wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains heads

Gro

Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake:
Let his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed:
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.
Turn'd aſide
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows;
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me ſtand;
So ſhall I,
Lofty poet! touch the ſky.

Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the *Dorick* Manner.

Shepherd,

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly anſwer queſtions: ſhall
I try? Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,

What muſt we do our paſſion to expreſs?
Echo, *Preſs.*

Shepherd,

How ſhall I pleaſe her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,

What moſt moves women, when we them
addreſs? Echo, *Adreſs.*

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaſte, whom I adore?
Echo, *A door.*

Shepherd,

If muſick ſoftens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Then teach me, echo, how ſhall I come by
her? Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd,

When bought, no queſtion, I ſhall be her dear? Echo, *Her deer.*

Shepherd,

But deer have horns; how muſt I keep her under? Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,

How ſhall I hold her ne'er to part aſunder?
Echo, *A--ſe under.*

Shepherd,

But what can glad me, when ſhe's laid on bier?
Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,

What muſt I do, when woman will be kind?
Echo, *Be kind.*

Shepherd,

What muſt I do, when woman will be croſs?
Echo, *Be croſs.*

Shepherd,

Lord! what is ſhe that can ſo turn and wind?
Echo, *Wind.*

Shepherd,

If ſhe be wind, what ſtills her when ſhe blows?
Echo, *Blows.*

Shepherd,

But, if ſhe bang again, ſtill ſhou'd I bang her?
Echo, *Bang her.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, *Hang her.*

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle echo? right thy anſwers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo, *Guard her well.*

EPILOGUE to a PLAY.

For the benefit of the Weavers in *Ireland*.
1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who at beſt are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay,—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his grace [b] a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day,—
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wond'rous charity in play'rs?
They learnt it not at ſermons or at pray'rs.

[b] Dr. *William King*, archbiſhop of *Dublin*.

Under

nder the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
o own the truth, we have ſome private ends:
ince waiting-women, like exacting jades,
old up the prices of their old *brocades*,
Ve'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home,
quip our *kings* and *gen'rals* at the *Comb*[1]:
Ve'll rig in *Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's* haughty *queen*
nd *Anthony* ſhall court her in *ratteen*.
a *blue ſhalloon* ſhall *Hannibal* be clad,
nd *Scipio* trail an *Iriſh purple plad*.
a drugget dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
ee *Philip's* ſon amidſt his *Perſian* guard:
nd proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous rage,
Vith fifty yards of crape ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
a ſhort our kings and princeſſes within
re all reſolv'd the project to begin;
nd you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
uſt imitate the faſhions of the court.
Oh! cou'd I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
hough money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough:
ut *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
nd ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.

[1] A ſtreet in *Dublin* famous for woollen manufactures.

Perhaps

Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip
ſprings
Between the *weavers*, and us play-houſe
kings:
But wit and weaving had the ſame beginning,
Pallas firſt taught us poetry and ſpinning.
And next obſerve how this alliance fits,
For *weavers* now are juſt as poor as wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the
ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But *weavers* will be kinder to the *players*,
And ſell for twenty pence a yard of theirs:
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The *poet's* wit, than in the *player's* dreſſing.

EPITAPH on a MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wiſe*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſs* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money* lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

To

To STELLA.

Who collected and tranſcribed his Poems,
1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire *Inigo Jones*:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Shou'd be approv'd in after-times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, *Stella*, wer't no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of *Cupid's* darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
ne'er admitted love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt:)
But his purſuits are at end,
Whom *Stella* chuſes for a *friend*.

A poet

A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topicks like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Shou'd but his muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprize him with a pint of ſtout [b];
Or patch his broken ſtocking ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhou'd a porter make enquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, *Iris*,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming *Sylvia* beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright *Phillis* mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant *Iris* in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In *Curll's* [c] collection, new and old,

[b] A cant word for ſtrong beer.
[c] See an account of *Curl*, Vol. IV.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers wou'd not know 'em,
If they ſhou'd meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoicks call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I cou'd my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,
His ſimilies in order ſet,
And every crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:

Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lyes.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To publick light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;

And may compare to *Ætna's* fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From *Phœbus'* rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours:
Thus *Ajax*, when with rage poſſeſt
By *Pallas* breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour wou'd no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
But blinded by reſentment ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the *Greeks*.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhou'd this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.

Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female common-weal—

How

How cou'd it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, *etc.*

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.

Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon)
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at *Quadrille*.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and "*Betty*, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codill!*
"Depend upon't, I never will.
"But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to night by ſix."

Madam,

Madam, the goldſmith waits below:
He ſays, his buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn?—"Why ſhew him up."
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my lady *Spade*
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
"Well, I remember what ſhe won;
"And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
"Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
"My huſband left to pay for coals:
"I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
"And I may have revenge to night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady *Spade* a hundred cheats:
"She ſlipt *ſpadillo* in her breaſt,
"Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
"There's Mrs. *Cut* and ſhe combine,
"And to each other give the ſign."
Through ev'ry game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:

Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Mechlin* that;
Obſerve this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
I can have cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a fan.

This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſt by four,
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner ſtays:
She anſwers in her uſual ſtyle,
The cook muſt keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dreſs;
No woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
I wiſh the dinner at *Old Nick*.
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to day—
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
" He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:

" I wiſh

" I wiſh ye may but have enough."
And while with all this paultry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting ev'ry gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby husband ſit
In admiration at her wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the God of *ſilence* flew,
And fair *diſcretion* left the place,
And *modeſty* with bluſhing face:
Now enters over-weening *pride*,
And *ſcandal* ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude *laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *malice* always judging worſt;
And *vanity* with pocket-glaſs,
And *impudence* with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd *affectation* came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;

While

While *ignorance* with brain of lead
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When to give ev'ry dame her due
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or, how ſhould I, alas! relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lye,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes *Chloe's* tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for perfumes;

While

While crooked *Cynthia* ſneering ſays,
That *Florimel* wears iron ſtays:
Chloe's of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And full of indignation frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And *Rufa*, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho's* hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an errant jilt.

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fiſh-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchool-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter:

Far leſs the rabble roar and raíl,
When drunk with ſour election-aíe.

Nor do they truſt their tongue alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the toſſing of the fan
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club disbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands:
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſterick fits:
" And was not *Tom* this morning ſent?
" I'd lay my life he never went:
" Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
" I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
" Here, *Betty*, let me take my drops;
" And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
Dear madam, try to take a nap—
But now they hear a footman's rap:

" Go

"Go run, and light the ladies up:
"It muſt be one before we ſup."

The table, cards, and counters ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within"—
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.

How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.

"Thi

" This morning, when the *parſon* came——,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't——?
" I think I never had good luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe, when you look on."
Lord! madam, you have loſt codill:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
" Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay
" 'Twas you that threw the game away;
" When lady *Trickſey* play'd a four,
" You took it with a mattadore;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner underſtand
A mattadore is in her hand.
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
And truly, madam, I know when
Inſtead of five you ſcor'd me ten.

Spadillo

Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I gueſs the hand; it ſeldom fails:
I wiſh ſome folks would pair their nails.

While thus they rail and ſcold and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form;
And conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes 'em ſenſible of ſhame.

The time too precious now to waſte,
And ſupper gobbled up in haſte,
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat,
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the t'other round."

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky

Unlucky madam left in tears,
(Who now again *Quadrille* forſwears)
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Part of a ſummer ſpent at the houſe of *George Rochfort*, eſq;

THALIA, tell in ſober lays
How *George*, *Nim*, *Dan*, *Dean* paſs their days.
Begin, my muſe: firſt from our bow'rs
We ſally forth at diff'rent hours;
At ſeven the *dean* in night-gown dreſt
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *dean* to read *Lucretius*;
At ten my lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes *George*, and ends our lectures,
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hauls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,

All

N° 26. Vol. 6. P. 240.

J. J. Müller. inv. del. et Sc.

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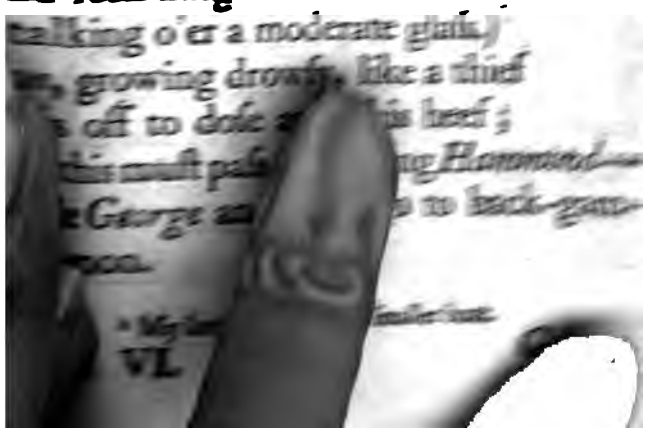
All, heteroclite *Dan* except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or *Dragon*[a] rows,
Or marrs a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trem-
bling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
By lord and dean the fire forsake,
Man leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
Each church and king the lady's gone;
Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
(Talking o'er a moderate glass,)
Now, growing drowsy, like a thief
[illegible] off to dose [illegible] his beef;
[illegible] this must pass [illegible] *Hammond*—
[illegible] *George* [illegible] to back-gam-
[illegible]

[a] My [illegible]



George, *Nim*, and *Dean* ſet out at four;
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But, when the ſun goes to the deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhort'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play
Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs
By [c] *Adam* lighted walk up ſtairs.
The weary *Dean* goes to his chamber;
And *Nim* and *Dan* to garret clamber:
So, when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſev'ral facts
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes, and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How *Dan* caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was over-ſet:
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the *dean* was drench'd:

[c] The butler.

It

It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How *Nim* (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully *Dan* mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets.
Or how the *dean* delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe
To tell what ev'ry ſchool-boy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be ſaid on't)
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd *Tommy* of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How *Jowler* howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.

But now, ſince I have gone ſo far o—n,
A word or two of [b] lord chief-baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all *whig* papers, and *gazettes*;
But for the politicks of *Pue*,
Thinks ev'ry ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of *Sweden*
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the *Czar*:
" Why, *Muſcovy* is not ſo far;
" Down the black ſea, and up the ſtreights,
" And in a month he's at your gates;
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By *Chriſtmas* we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd *Clem.* [a] and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:

[b] Mr. *Rochfort's* father.
[a] Mr. *Clement Barry*.
[*] A *tory* news-writer.

The

The *dean* muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie;
Tim loſt his wig-block, *Dan* his *jordan*,
My lady ſays ſhe can't afford one;)
George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For *Clem.* gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvy:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the Year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and ſwain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the court of *Gosford knight*[c],
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;

[c] Sir *Arthur Acheſon*, whoſe great grandfather was Sir *Archibald* of *Gosford* in *Scotland*.

As at their work they ſat in countervie[illegible]
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grev[illegible]
Sing, heavenly muſe! in ſweetly-flowi[illegible]ng
ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph an[illegible]d
ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fix[illegible]t,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow the[illegible]ſtone[illegible]
betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones ca[illegible]n
part,
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle *Dermot* faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again;
but oh!
Love rooted out again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender legs ſhall
rake;
(I ſpare the thiſtle for Sir *Arthur's*[4] ſake.)

[4] Who is a great lover of *Scotland*.

Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy matt:
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches torn behind ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide;
Nor need I bluſh, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the *dean* threw me this tobacco plug:
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt *Sheelah*, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt;
Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

[1] Sir *Arthur's* butler.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
You ſat and lous'd him all the ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, *Sheelah*, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch thoſe naſty ſluts!
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though *Tady's* locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and ev'ry louſe was gold,
Him on my lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife---and thee.

DERMOT.

DERMOT.

Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where *Norah* with the ſowins comes—
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

MARY the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.
I am ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. *Sheridan!* 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhou'd know better things, to come out with ſuch a name:
Knave in your teeth, Mr. *Sheridan!* 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin;

He has more goodneſs in his little finger,
than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a perſonable man, and not a
ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would faiſh
make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day in anger call'd
you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſer-
vant four years ſince *October*,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet
heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his reverence was ever
concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep
him out ſo late in your wicked college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a
chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be
a gooſe or an aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my ma-
ſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes; and I
don't believe that's a true ſtory;
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go
tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all
one to *Mary*.

Every

Every body knows, that I love to tell truth and ſhame the devil.
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our vittles one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a *Tueſday*, of all days in the year.
And *Saunders* the man ſays, you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he (one day, as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking,)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool—
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſh-clout to his tail.
And now I muſt go and get *Saunders* to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter *Marget* ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from pray'rs;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs:

Whereof

Whereof I cou'd ſay more to your verſes,
if I cou'd write written hand;
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command,

MARY.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

Written in 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, *Tim*, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the *Jacobites*?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts* and *friers*—

T. 'Twixt you and me, G-- damn the lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry man over
To our illuſtrious houſe of *Hanover*;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—

T. G-- damn the lyars again.

[1] See *Tim* and the fables, Vol. VII.

Did

Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of publick debts?

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aſide.*]

T. Did not an able ſtateſman-biſhop
This dang'rous horrid motion diſh-up
As *popiſh* craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *pretender*,
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

M. Theſe brangling jars of *Whig* and *Tory*
Are ſtale and worn as *Troy-town ſtory*:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out at laſt;
Like *Martin Marrall*, gaping on [c],
Nor minding when the ſong is done.

[c] Sir *Martin Marrall* is a character in one of *Dryden*'s comedies. Sir *Martin* was to ſerenade his miſtreſs; but, as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himſelf, and do it for him, while he ſhould thrum the inſtrument; but this ingenious project miſcarried by the knight's continuing his exerciſe, when the muſick was at an end.

When

When all the *bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you liſted under
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teazing
With plots, and *Jacobites*, and treaſon;
Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſp'rings foiſted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink)
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide ſo damn'd a nuiſance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend *Mullinix*, forbear;
I vow to G--, you're too ſevere:

If

If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It ſhou'd be yours: but d— my blood,
I muſt purſue the publick good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his ſtatue round.
The publick ſafety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe and rail,
The *Tories* terror, ſcourge, and flail.
M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quite;
The *Tories!* you are their *delight*;
And ſhould you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twou'd break their heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow*:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!

And

And then they value not two ſtraws,
How *Solomon* decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor liſten to the witch of *Endor*.
Shou'd *Fauſtus* with the devil behind him
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If *Punch*, to ſpur their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You ev'ry moment think an age,
'Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of *Sheba's* lap:
The duke of *Lorrain* drew his ſword;
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And ſold the king of *Spain* a bargain;
St. *George* himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *Dragon*;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;
In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what wou'd hang him, if they cou'd;

While,

While, teazing all, by all he's teaz'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for *Sabra's* ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, *Tim*, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of *Punchinelloes*:
So at this booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to ſtir up troubl' in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter,
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the *Tories*,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They wou'd conſent, that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, *Tim*, upon the ſpot,
By all this coil what haſt thou got?

If *Tories* muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *court*.
T. Got? D— my blood, *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D— me, why I got my will;
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill;
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories Jacks*,
And ſons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think
That, when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* ſouls to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath,
And when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhould know,
I am not to be treated ſo:
I'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.

But

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim *a paſſing by?*
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the *Tory dogs* purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry *halloo?*
Muſt all my d--mee's, bloods, and wounds,
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall *Tory* raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *a plot, a plot,*
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy?*
Dear *Mullinix*, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *fable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice the *'prentice* drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and col'nel's air,
Allure the *cinder-picking fair.*

M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my counſel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There's *Latin* too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by dr.——)
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of *toupee* or *ſnake*.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When firſt in publick we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;

Be

Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mein, and gate;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtile,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.
Then at our leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine
I'll take you to ſome friends of mine,
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the publick ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber:*

Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manours, who for hire;
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life,
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lanthorn broke,
One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
Or how by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends;
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
'Till politicks debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G--d-- the *Whigs*, and *Tories* too.

EPITAPH,

* EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.

Nor was he more ſingular in the undeviating *pravity of his manners*, than ſucceſsful in *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only perſon of his time
Who cou'd CHEAT without the maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS when poſſeſs'd of TEN THOUSAND a year;

And, having daily deſerv'd the GIBBET for
what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he
could not *do*.

O indignant reader!
Think not his life uſeleſs to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable
deſigns,
To give to after-ages a conſpicuous PROOF
and EXAMPLE
Of how ſmall eſtimation is EXORBITANT
WEALTH in the ſight of GOD, by
his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWOR-
THY of ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula---cætera norunt*
Et Tagus et Ganges---forſan et Antipodes.

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE *Francis Chartres* lies--be civil!
The reſt God knows—perhaps the
devil.

* EPIGRAM.

* EPIGRAM.

PETER complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life ſo ſhort:
Conſider, *Peter*, he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* ANOTHER.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you pleaſe, there's nobody at home.

* EPITAPH of By-Words.

HERE lies a *round* woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good dean did endeavour;
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other ſhe found better *fun*:

For

For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical.*
In this world ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry ſoul ſhe met here;
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer.*

EPIGRAM.

On ſeeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of divine ſervice *to wait on his grace the D. of* D—t.

LORD *Pam* in the church (cou'd you think it?) kneel'd down;
When told the lieutenant was juſt come to town,
His *ſtation* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *place*,
He *flies* from his *God* to attend on his *grace*:
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since *God* had no hand in his lordſhip's *promotion.*

EPIGRAM

* EPIGRAM from the *French.*

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honeſt *Jack.*
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM.

On the Toaſts of the Kit-Kat Club.

Anno 1716.

WHence deathleſs *kit-kat* took its name,
Few criticks can unriddle:
Some ſay from *paſtry-cook* it came,
And ſome from *cat* and *fiddle.*
From no trim beaux its name it boaſts,
Grey ſtateſmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toaſts
Of old *cats* and young *kits.*

* To a LADY, with the *Temple of Fame.*

WHAT's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES

To be placed under the picture of England's arch-poet; *containing a compleat catalogue of his works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half-read!
Who firſt ſung [c] *Arthur*, then ſung [d] *Alfred*;
Prais'd great [e] *Eliza* in God's anger,
'Till all true *Engliſhmen* cry'd, hang her!
Made *William's* virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up *Marlb'rough* in [f] *arras*:
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the [g] *light*;

[c] Two heroick poems in folio, twenty books.
[d] Heroick poems in twelve books.
[e] Heroick poems in folio, ten books.
[f] Inſtructions to *Vanderbank*, a tapeſtry-weaver.
[g] Hymn to the light.

Maul'd human *wit* in one thick [h] ſatire;
Next in three books ſent [i] human *nature*,
Undid [k] *Creation* at a jerk,
And of [l] *Redemption* made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the ſcripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himſelf he *out-Sternholded*:
Made [m] *David* ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king *Achiſh*.
No mortal read his [n] *Solomon*
But judg'd *R'oboam* his own ſon.
Moſes [o] he ſerv'd as *Moſes Pharaoh*,
And *Deborah* as ſhe *Siſerah*;
Made [p] *Jeremy* full ſore to cry,
And [q] *Job* himſelf curſe God and die.

What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall *Arthur* uſe him like king *Tello*?

[h] Satire againſt *wit*.
[i] Of the *nature* of man.
[k] *Creation*, a poem, in ſeven books.
[l] The *Redeemer*, another heroick poem, in ſix books.
[m] Tranſlation of all the *Pſalms*.
[n] *Canticles* and *Eccleſiaſtes*.
[o] Paraphraſe of the canticles of *Moſes* and *Deborah*, etc.
[p] The *Lamentations*.
[q] The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in folio.

Shall

Shall *David* as *Uriah* ſlay him?
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siſerah* him?
Or ſhall *Eliza* lay a plot
To treat him like her ſiſter *Scot*?
Shall *William* dub his better end[*]?
Or *Marlb'rough* ſerve him like a friend?
No, none of theſe—heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt *Job*, thy *wife*.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent ſtudies chuſe;
The *Dean* ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

[*] Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

Each

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a *poem* riſe!

Yet to the *Dean* his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, * *Pope*, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

* A polite turn is given to his letter to Dr. *Sheridan*, his incident by Mr. *Pope* in Vol. XII. Letter 32.

* BOUNCE to FOP.

An epiſtle from a dog at *Twickenham* to a dog at court.

TO thee, ſweet *Fop*, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chanc'd with a touch of juſt the tip
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up *ſtrings* and *ſticks*.
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty *Fop!* where-e'er you come,
To fart and piſs about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you—ſnap!
The worſt that envy, or that ſpite
E'er ſaid of me, is, I can bite;
That idle gypſies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;

And

And that to towze ſuch things as *flutter*
To honeſt *Bounce* is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly ſop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And let me tell you, have a noſe,
(Whatever ſtinking ſops ſuppoſe)
That under cloth of gold or tiſſue
Can ſmell a plaiſter, or an iſſue.

Your pilf'ring lord with ſimple pride
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide;
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For *Bounce* can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh *Pams*, and fawning *Trays*;
When pamper'd *Cupids*, beaſtly *Venis*,
And motly, ſquinting *Harlequinis*[d],
Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
But die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair *Thames* from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

[d] Alii legunt *Harvequinis*.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
A hundred ſons, and not one *fop!*

Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true *Bounce* will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed,
(Though ſome of *J—n's* hungry breed:)
But, whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldeſt-born reſides not far,
Where ſhines great *Strafford's* glitt'ring ſtar:
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At *Burlington's* Palladian gates:
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs!) in *Cobham's* walks:
One uſhers friends to *Bathurſt's* door;
One fawns at *Oxford's* on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.

None

None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And O! wou'd fate the bliſs decree
To mine, (a bliſs too great for me!)
That two my talleſt ſons might grace,
Attending each with ſtately pace,
Iülus' ſide, as erſt *Evander's*[4],
To keep off flatt'rers, ſpies, and panders,
To let no noble ſlave come near;
And ſcare lord *Fannys* from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend—or two;
A treaſure, which of royal kind
Few but himſelf deſerve to find.
Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

* *On the counteſs of* Burlington *cutting paper.*

PALLAS grew vap'riſh once and odd;
She would not do the leaſt right thing
Either for Goddeſs or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.

[4] Virg. Æn. 8.

Jove frown'd, and "Uſe (he cry'd) thoſe
"eyes
"So ſkilful, and thoſe hands ſo taper;
"Do ſomething exquiſite and wiſe"—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning ſhame,
What does ſhe next, but bids on earth
Her *Burlington* do juſt the ſame?

Pallas, you give yourſelf ſtrange airs;
But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil
The ſenſe and taſte of one, that bears
The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad example ſhown,
How quickly all the ſex purſue!
See, madam! ſee, the arts o'erthrown
Between *John Overton* and *you*.

* *On a certain lady at court.*

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon,
(Envy, be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then, (envy ſays) ſir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Doctor DELANY,
On the Libels *written againſt him.*

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping oft without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame:
When firſt in print, you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:

The lead yon critick's quill contains
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.

Though ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, [c] *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round,*
They glance aſide without a wound.

'Tis ſaid, the Gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?

[c] In ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.

And

And yet grow mortify'd and vext
To pay the penalty annext?

'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should'ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find:
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You ſay, the muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The *Iriſh ſenate's* praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the publick good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to ſhoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the *Blue-boys*[*];

[*] The *Iriſh* parliament ſat the new parliament-houſe was the *Blue-boys* hoſpital, while building.

Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of *Grub*.

How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt ev'ry critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want of ſpight,
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lyes
Then ſuffer men of parts to riſe;

They croud about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academick dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For, though the muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you *England's* primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When *Jove* was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying in
For after-birth a *Sootterkin*;

Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muſes hill;
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnaſſus'* foot.
From hence the critick vermin ſprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetick ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks:
Thus envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To perſecute the muſes fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* incluſive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies:
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numerick flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:
You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the *Grub-ſtreet* poets neſt;
What ſpunging-houſe in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail;

What alley they are neſtled in
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin:
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar, where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.

You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd in *Grub-ſtreet* rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatirick,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

On DREAMS.

An Imitation of Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, etc.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all meer productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.
For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimick art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.
The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.
The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t--d-man of true ſtateſman mold
Collects the city filth in ſearch of gold.
Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.
The kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.
The grave divine with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.
The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And *Dick* the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in —'s face.

To

To STELLA,

Viſiting me in my ſickneſs, *October* 1727.

PALLAS, obſerving *Stella's* wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fixt honour in her infant mind.
But, (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe num'rous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;

Or

Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at *picquet*;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves wou'd loſe their ears;
Let *Stella's* fair example preach
A leſſon, ſhe alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how wou'd *Brutus* in my place?
In ſuch a caſe wou'd *Cato* bleed?
And how would *Socrates* proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd

Among

Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall *Stella* riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
E're *Stella* can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt enſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate.
She thinks, that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In *Florimel's* affected fears;
For *Stella* never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd, from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;

Which,

Which, tho' her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion ſteals.
Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire, that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould *Stella's* kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains,
Then *Stella* ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, though by heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire
What *Stella*, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:

My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes,
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught:
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
Beſt pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

VERSES

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occaſioned by reading the following maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Written in *Nov.* 1731.

Dans l' adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvous toujours quelque choſes, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

AS *Rochefoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends
"We firſt conſult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroick action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excell,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain

Vain human-kind! fantaſtick race.
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation;
'Tis all on me an uſurpation;
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe, than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John [b], as well as *Pulteney* [c], knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.

[b] Lord viſcount *Bolingbroke.*
[c] *William Pulteney*, eſq; now earl of *Bath.*

If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heav'n hath bleſt 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Beſides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he ſays;

He

He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd:
Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can ſit
To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round;
There muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to ſome men.

And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the ſecond.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail:
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;

But now he's quite another thing:
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell.
That, God be prais'd! the dean s well
Then he, who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells, I ſhall recover,
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty prayers, that I ſhould mend?

Inquire

Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the ſniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſticks run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—The dean is dead.

Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uſes.
To publick uſes! there's a whim!
What had the publick done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but firſt he dy'd.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So

So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood?

Now *Grubſtreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curſe* the *dean*, or *bleſs* the *drapier*.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have lived theſe twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the dean is dead.
And lady *Suffolk*[b] in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell **
** ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhou'd."

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[b] Mrs. *Howard*, then counteſs of *Suffolk*, and of the bed-chamber to the late queen.

Now

Now *Chartres* [b], at ſir *Robert's* [c] levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,
(Cries *Bob*) I'm ſorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend [d] *Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curll* [e] his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
[f] Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which *Pope* muſt bear, as well as I.

Here ſhift the ſcene to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.

[b] Colonel *Francis Chartres*, whoſe character may be ſeen in an epitaph written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, p. 216.

[c] Sir *Robert Walpole*, then firſt miniſter of ſtate, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

[d] *William Pulteney*, eſq; ſince earl of *Bath*.

[e] An infamous bookſeller, who publiſhed things in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

[f] For ſome of theſe practices he was brought before the houſe of lords.

Poor

Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
" I'm ſorry—but we all muſt die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wiſdom's guiſe
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe, who never pity felt?
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortur'd with ſuſpence and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
" The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)
" Then,

" Then, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
" Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall.
" (I wiſh I knew what king to call.
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
" No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My lady *Club* will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the dean—(I lead a heart)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of *Apollo*?
Departed:—*and his works muſt follow*,
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some

Some country 'ſquire to *Lintot*[c] goes,
Inquires for *Swift* in verſe and proſe.
Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the name;
"He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane*[d]:
"I ſent them, with a load of books,
"Laſt *Monday* to the paſtry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find, you're but a ſtranger here.
"The dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is paſt:
"The town has got a better taſte.
"I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
"But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
"Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
"Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have ſeen
"By *Stephen Duck* upon the queen.
"Then here's a letter finely penn'd
"Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend:
"It clearly ſhews, that all reflection
"On miniſters is diſaffection.

[c] *Bernard Lintot*, a bookſeller. See *Pope's* Dunciad and letters.

[d] A place where old books are ſold.

"Next,

" Next, here's ſir *Robert's* vindication,
" And mr. *Henley's* [a] laſt oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your honour pleaſe to have a ſet?"

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the *Roſe*;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.

The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
Although ironically grave,
He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave.

" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt *confounded tory*,
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremly *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the *Drapier* then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters!*---

" He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;

[a] Commonly called orator *Henley*, whoſe rhapſodies burleſque religion, and diſgrace his country.

" We

" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*,—all one to him.—

" But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great ſir *Robert*,
" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r
" To *ſave* the *nation* ev'ry hour?
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels!*
" Not ſparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*"—

Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd* or *laſh'd*.
If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*:
Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke*?

His

His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing *Chartres*.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David's* leſſon juſt;
In princes never put his truſt:
And, would you make him truly ſowre,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.

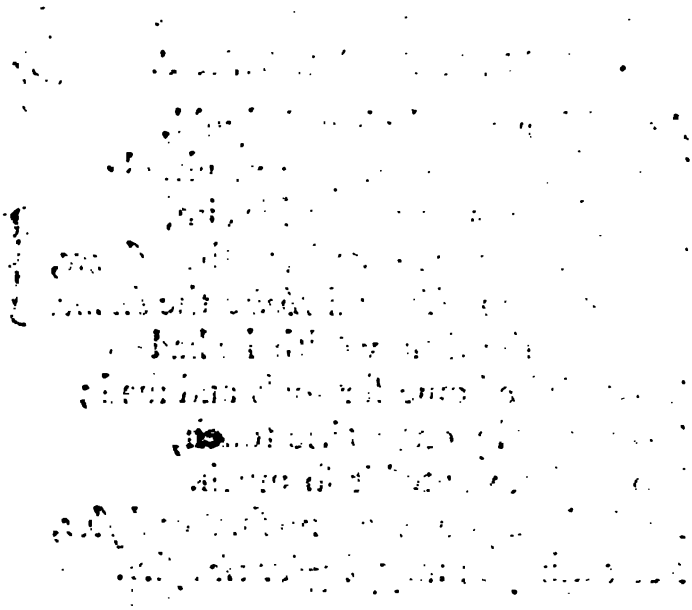
" Alas, poor *dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope*,
" This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't*
" *do him.*

" His *Zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:—
" I ſay no more,—becauſe he's *dead*.—
" What *writings* has he left behind?—
I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind:
A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe—
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe:—
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,
" To praiſe queen *Anne*, nay more, de-
" fend her,
" As never fav'ring the *pretender*:—
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpight*:—
" Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
" A *lye* at ev'ry *ſecond* word—
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear;—
" But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*.—

As for his works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
Nor can I tell what criticks thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As

As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe*, and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*,
The *praiſe* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a houſe for fools and mad;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.
And, ſince you *dread* no farther *laſhes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*.

FINIS.



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